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Catholic Magazine,

AND MONTHLY REVIEW,

CONTAINING CHIEFLY

ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

A SUMMARY OF

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE, &c.

VOLUME IV, 1845.

The official organ of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Right Rev. Bishop of Richmond; and published with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishops of the United States.

EDITED BY

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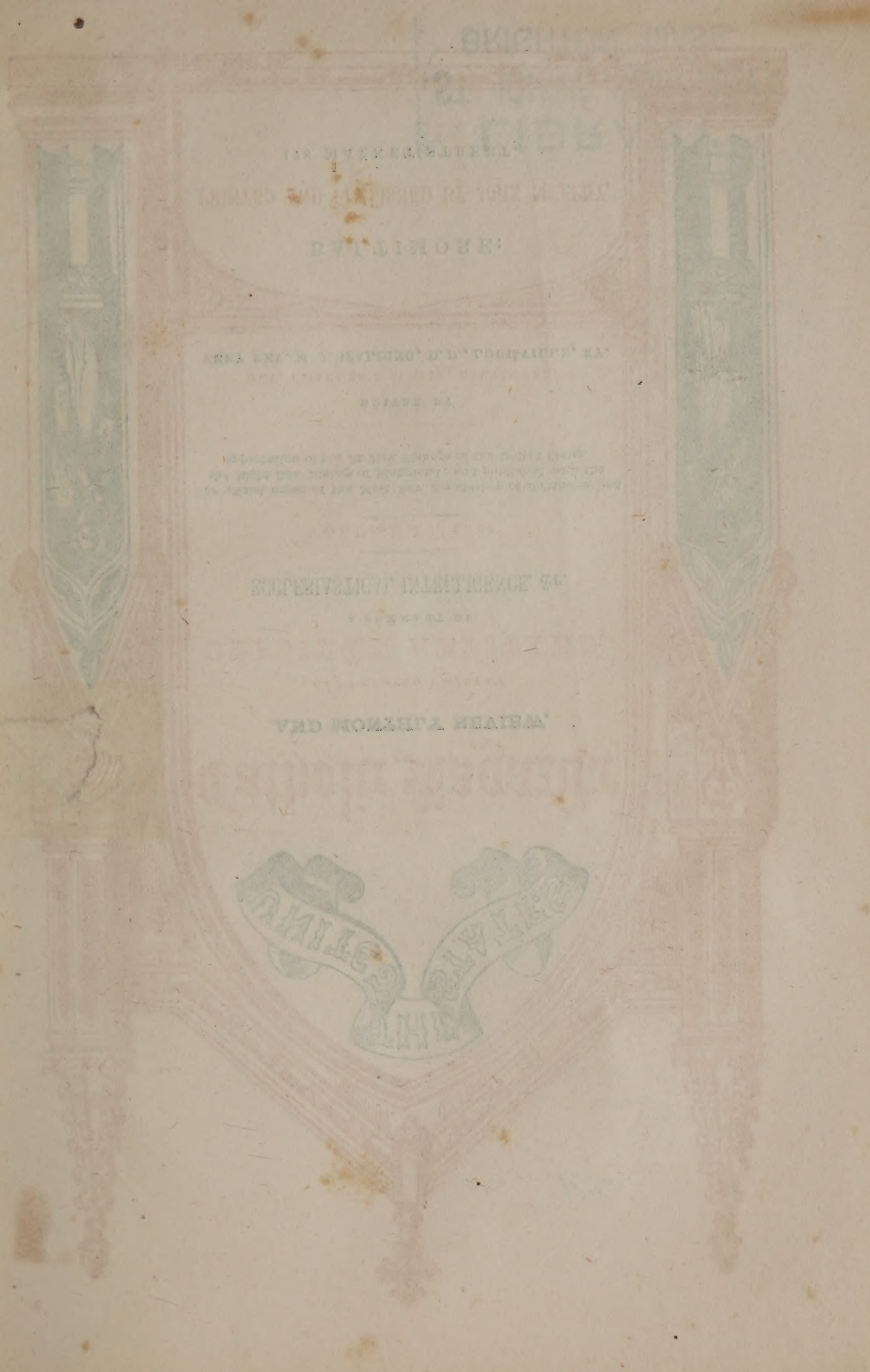

NOTICE.

In completing this volume of the Magazine, our attention turns upon the past not without cause for self-gratulation. We flatter ourselves that we have faithfully complied with our engagements, in furnishing the community with an expositor and vindicator of Catholic truth, in laying before the public a notice of the more remarkable works that have been issued from the press, and in intermingling with the graver subjects of theology a variety of interesting matter, with a summary of useful intelligence. This is what we pledged ourselves to accomplish, and what has formed the object of our unwearied efforts. We have to thank the public for the kindness with which they have been pleased to regard these exertions in a good cause, while we assure them of a determination on our part to prosecute the work with energy, and to render it still more acceptable to the generality of readers as a miscellany of religious and literary matter, and a chronicler of the more important items of ecclesiastical and secular information. This, as far as we can form an opinion, seems to be the kind of work answering the general taste and wants of the community, and for this reason we see no cause for deviating in future from the plan which we have already pursued, except so far as to increase the variety and enhance the value of the matter which enters into the pages of the Magazine. This we shall strive to accomplish, while we look to a discriminating public for a continuance of patronage.

APPROBATION.

We earnestly recommend to the clergy and laity, The United States Catholic Magazine, a Catholic periodical published monthly in Baltimore. It is calculated to promote the honor of our holy religion, and will, we trust, have a place in every Catholic library.

Baltimore, *Circumcision of our Lord*, 1842. † Samuel, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

I hereby establish the United States Catholic Magazine my official organ of public communication with the clergy and laity of the archdiocess of Baltimore. Should it become necessary to address them on any subject before the regular period for the publication of the Magazine, an extra sheet will be issued, corresponding in dimensions and style with those of the periodical.

Feast of St. Mark, 1843. Samuel, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

The undersigned wish to express their approbation of the manner in which the United States Catholic Magazine has hitherto been conducted; and their confidence in the able and zealous directors who superintend its pages, authorizes them to recommend it to the patronage of the faithful of their respective diocesses.

† Benedict Joseph, *Bishop of Boston.*
† Michael, *Bishop of Mobile.*
† John Baptist, *Bishop of Cincinnati.*
† Guy Ignatius, *Bishop of Bolena and Coadjutor of Louisville.*
† Anthony, *Bishop of New Orleans.*
† Mathias, *Bishop of Dubuque.*
† John, *Bishop of New York.*
† Richard Pius, *Bishop of Nashville.*
† Cœlestine, *Bishop of Vincennes.*
† Peter Paul, *Bishop of Zela and Administrator of Detroit.*
† John Joseph, *Bishop of Natchez.*
† John M., *Bishop of Claudiopolis and Vicar Apostolic of Texas.*

Having within my jurisdiction no press through which to publish the official documents of he diocess, I have selected for that purpose the United States Catholic Magazine, and as such recommend it earnestly to the reverend clergy and laity thereof.

† Richard Vincent, *Bishop of Richmond.*

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

Portrait of the Most Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, Portrait of Cardinal Cheverus, Portrait of the Most Rev. James Whitfield, Engraving of the Astronomical Clock of Strasburg.

ERRATA.

Page 274, near the middle of the first column, for *declamation* read *declarations*.
" 275, second column, near the end, for *enables* read *enable*.
" 277, second column, beginning of second paragraph, for *declaimer* read *disclaimer*.
" 285, end of first paragraph, for *honest* read *dishonest*.
" 484, second column, note, for the words *or even spontaneously*, read *but not spontaneously*.
" 516, at the head of article, for *Boistiniere* read *Boisliniere*.

THE

UNITED STATES

CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1845.

RETROSPECT OF THE PAST YEAR.

1. *A Letter on the moral causes that have produced the evil spirit of the times; addressed to the Hon. James Harper, mayor of New York, including a vindication of the author from the infamous charges made against him by James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone and others.* By the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, bishop of New York. J. Winchester.

2. *Address of the Catholic lay citizens of the city and county of Philadelphia to their fellow citizens, in reply to the Presentment of the Grand Jury of the court of Quarter Sessions of May term, 1844, in regard to the causes of the late riots in Philadelphia.* Baltimore: Metropolitan Tract Society.

3. *The Olive Branch, or an Earnest Appeal in behalf of religion, the supremacy of law, and social order, with documents relating to the late disturbances in Philadelphia.* Philadelphia: M. Fithian.

4. *Catholicism compatible with republican government, and in full accordance with popular institutions; or reflections upon a premium treatise issued by the American Protestant society under the signature of "Civis."* By Fenelon. New York: Edward Dunigan.

5. *The Warning of Thomas Jefferson, or a brief exposition of the dangers to be apprehended to our civil and religious liberties from Presbyterianism.* By Justus E. Moore. Philadelphia: J. Cunningham.

ONE more year has passed and gone;—gone for ever, with all its busy pursuits, its stirring incidents, its joys and its sorrows, its turmoils and confusion, its sufferings and its guiltiness. It is gone; but the transactions crowded into it have left an impress on our dearly cherished country which time will not, can not soon efface: and we may glean from them lessons which will be practically useful in all future time.

To the American Catholic particularly the year just passed has been an eventful one; one pregnant with mischief, with sorrow and affliction. He has beheld the long gathering and long threatening clouds of religious bigotry break at length in a terrific storm over his church, leaving behind ruins and devastation which have appalled him by their magnitude and atrocity. He has been made to witness scenes harrowing to the tenderest feelings of his heart; scenes such as his darkest forebodings would scarcely have anticipated: his churches burned to the ground by infuriated mobs; the ministers of his holy religion threatened with assassination, and trembling for their lives; seminaries of learning, residences of the clergy, valuable libraries, all consumed in the ruthless flames; and, what is far more dreadful still, the solemn quietude and sanctity of the tomb itself invaded, the last sacred resting places of the dead torn up by the hands of the

living: and all these atrocities perpetrated in the nineteenth century, in a country which has hitherto justly boasted of its enlightenment and liberality, in a city the second in the union for population and resources, and hitherto deemed the first in point of social order and morality, and all done too in the sacred name of a religion of love, and for the defence of the Bible! Gracious God! upon what times have we fallen!

While all these terrible things were doing, and men's minds were excited and their blood boiled, it might not have been *safe;* it would perhaps have been useless, if not indiscreet, to have attempted to treat of topics so exciting as those involved in or dragged into a controversy which has been attended with results thus afflicting. Catholics in general abstained from all discussion on the subject, and, committing their cause with entire composure and confidence to the hands of a just God, submitted patiently to much unjust obloquy for the sake of peace. But now that the excitement has somewhat abated, and the public mind has acquired a more even and sober temper, it may be useful, it certainly can do no harm, to take a calm and impartial, but bold and fearless survey of the whole ground of the late difficulties, rapidly to trace to their true causes the awful events of the past year, and to offer such practical suggestions as the subject may seem to demand.

This is what the writer of the present paper will attempt briefly to do. Himself a native American, with an ancestry which has been for many generations in the country, and justly proud of the fortunate *accident* which gave him birth in a republic so great and flourishing, he dearly loves and warmly cherishes the institutions of his country. But he at the same time is free to avow that, if native Americanism must be appreciated by the narrow-minded and proscriptive policy lately pursued towards those whom *choice* and not *accident* has made American citizens, and by the incendiary, bloody, and inhuman doings of the truculent faction bearing that name in Philadelphia, he for one would blush to wear it, and would freely resign the glory and the privileges of being an American citizen. But, thank God! the native faction, as it was exhibited in Philadelphia, is no index of the true American character; it is rather a foul stain on its noble escutcheon. It is a vile excrescence on the surface of our body politic: beneath that surface there lie solid *strata* of sounder sense and better feeling; yea, mines of rich and priceless value. When the proscriptive and bloody doings of nativism shall have been forgotten, or remembered only with disgust and contempt, the true American character, wise, moderate, liberal and expansive, will still continue to stand forth firm and immoveable in its integrity and noble manliness.*

At the head of our paper we have placed the titles of a few among those publications to which the late afflicting occurrences gave birth. As the contents of these pamphlets are already familiar to most of our readers, it will not be necessary to dwell at any length on their respective characters and worth. Three out of five of them, the last three on our list, are the productions of Protestant pens: and it is highly honorable to the heads and hearts of our Protestant fellow citizens that, while Catholics, through a spirit of forbearance, through prudence, or through well grounded fear, abstained most of them from vindicating their own cause, Protestants stepped forth thus nobly to the defence of their outraged institutions and liberties. Such examples are indeed encouraging in the midst of scenes of such bitterness and strife; when the enemies of Catholicity were so numerous and so active; and when those who did not take an active part in the riots, in general, either folded their arms and looked quietly on, or perhaps secretly applauded the doings of the mob. The names of the authors of the three pamphlets alluded to, should be dear not only to every Catholic in the union, but to every citizen who loves the right, or has chivalry enough left to admire the moral courage which generously and magnanimously volunteers to defend the weak against the strong, a small and trembling minority against an omnipotent and ruthless majority.

To these names we will add that of a man who perhaps deserves more credit than any of them all; who nobly breasted the storm when at its highest fury; who *dared* tell the truth in the face of triumphant mobs, and with the

* The writer would not wish to be understood as expressing at present any opinion in regard to the merely political question on the naturalization laws.

threat of ruin hanging over his head; whom neither bribes, nor menaces, nor insults could drive from his position; who *dared* to beard the lion in his den, and to tell of his sanguinary doings, heedless of his angry roaring: need we name J. Stephenson Du Solle, the talented, the unwavering editor of the "*Spirit of the Times.*" Honor to the man who thus nobly stood up for the right in the midst of the most adverse circumstances, and at the risk even of his life; who remained faithful to the banner of truth when many other editors either abandoned it altogether by their ominous silence, or, what is still worse, reared in its stead the opposition standard of error and falsehood.

We shall have occasion in the sequel to refer more than once to the publications to which we have just adverted; but we cannot pass farther on, without saying one word concerning the noble and manly, yet temperate and dignified letter of the bishop of New York to Mayor Harper. Seldom has there appeared, in this union at least, a document more timely, more eloquent, more triumphant, more happy in its effects on the public mind. It was written under a threat of assassination, immediately after the fearful May riots of Philadelphia, and at a moment when there was every reason to apprehend similar or worse outbreaks in New York. The bishop took just the stand which the emergency required; he assumed the bold and fearless tone which best suits the American character; and his words had almost a magic effect on the popular mind. Never was a document more eagerly sought for or more greedily read; it is estimated that in New York alone one hundred and fifty housand persons read it within forty-eight hours after its first publication.* The effect was instant; the excitement which had before reached a maddening height, almost immediately subsided, and New York was saved from the outrages which had just disgraced a sister city.

In his letter, Bishop Hughes vindicates himself triumphantly from the foul charges made and reiterated against him by an inflammatory and unprincipled press; and he boldly challenges James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone and others, to establish the contrary of the following propositions:

"1*st proposition.* I have never in my life done one action, or uttered a sentiment tending to abridge any human being of all or any of the rights of conscience which I claim to enjoy myself under the American constitution.

"2*d.* I have never asked or wished that any denomination should be deprived of the Bible, or such version of the Bible as that denomination conscientiously approved, in our common or public schools.

"3*d.* I have never entered into intrigue or collusion with any political party or individual, and no political party or individual ever approached me with so insulting a proposition.

"4*th.* I have never requested or authorized the 'blackening of the public school books' in the city of New York.

"5*th.* In all my public life in New York, I have done no action, uttered no sentiment unworthy of a Christian bishop and an American citizen."*

After putting the same or similar propositions in an affirmative form, and stated them as public, notorious *facts*, which he held himself prepared to prove, he thus boldly addresses his revilers:

"Now, therefore, James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone, and ye other deceivers of the public, stand forth and meet Bishop Hughes. But then come forth in no quibbling capacity; come forth as honest men, as true American citizens, with truth in your hearts and candor on your lips. I know you can write well, and can multiply words and misrepresent truth; this is not the thing that will serve you now. Come forth with your facts. Bishop Hughes places himself in the simple panoply of an honest man, before the American people. He asks no favor, but he simply asks whether the opinion of Bishop White is true, that with the American people no man can be put down by calumny."†

Well, James Gordon Bennett and William L. Stone did attempt "to stand forth:" but we think it will be universally allowed that they proved no match for the bishop; that they dealt in idle declamation and in personal abuse; in "words, words, words;" while *he* called for and dealt in *facts*. The result of the discussion was most happy; it contributed in a great measure to clear away the dark clouds of calumny which had been for years gathering about our great commercial emporium;

* See the New York Freeman's Journal for May, 1844.

* Letter, pp. 15, 16.
† Ibid. pp. 16, 17.

and it left Bishop Hughes and the Catholics in a proud position.

We cannot dismiss this letter of Bishop Hughes without presenting one more brief extract, in which he beautifully and touchingly alludes to the American flag.

"I can even now remember my reflections on first beholding the American flag. It never crossed my mind that a time might come when that flag, the emblem of the freedom just alluded to, should be divided by apportioning its *stars* to the citizens of native birth, and its *stripes* only as the portion of the foreigner. I was of course but young and inexperienced; and yet even recent events have not diminished my confidence in that ensign of civil and religious liberty. It is possible I was mistaken: but still I cling to the delusion, if it be one, and as I trusted to that flag on a *nation's faith*, I think it more likely that its stripes will disappear altogether; and that before it shall be employed as an instrument of bad faith towards the foreigners of every land, the white portions will blush into crimson, and then the glorious stars alone will remain."*

But the appearance of Bishop Hughes on the stage, and his noble vindication of himself and of his church, constituted but an episode in the melancholy drama of the Philadelphia riots: an episode, however, very important and closely connected with the drama itself. For years before, the abuse of Bishop Hughes had formed the chief staple of those turbulent demagogues and small politicians, whom the cunning of Protestant preachers had enlisted under the "no popery" banner; and an untiring and well-sustained effort had been made to make his name a by-word of reproach among the American people, and to identify him and his church with foreign despotic governments panting to crush our young republic. And it is not a little remarkable that the anonymous letter which basely threatened him with assassination, was written from Philadelphia, by a wretch who falsely styled himself the brother of young Shiffler, one of the natives who had fallen during the riots.

In attempting to account for the riots themselves, with all the appalling outrages which attended them, we assume no difficult task. Never was there an effect more clearly traceable to its causes. Between the latter and the former there is as close and necessary a connection, as there is between the application of a match and the explosion of a powder magazine. The inflammatory passions of an ignorant populace were the magazine; religious bigotry and hatred of Catholics the match, and the application of the latter to the former was made by unprincipled demagogues and *ministers of the religion of peace and of love!!*

It would, however, be a false and narrow view of the subject to suppose that the riots were merely the result of a sudden outbreak of the populace smarting under a sudden wrong, and goaded into madness by inflammatory appeals of unscrupulous leaders. Though there was some sudden excitement in the case, and perhaps some wrong to give rise to it, yet it is certain that influences directly leading to such outrages had been long at work in the community; and that without those influences the riots would in all probability never have occurred.

For more than ten years previously the "no popery" cry had been raised from one end of the union to the other; from the cold and puritanical north, to the warm and chivalrous south. The outcry resounded from the pulpit and the press; its notes were fierce and sanguinary; they were worthy of the palmiest days of Titus Oates and of Lord George Gordon, both immortal for the relentless and *burning* hatred they bore their Christian brethren of the Roman Catholic church. Can we wonder then that it produced similar results? When we reflect how long that bitter outcry continued; how talented and influential and untiring were many of those engaged in raising it; how many different forms and complexions it assumed; now boasting of its zeal for the purity of religion, now parading its solicitude for the preservation of our noble republican institutions threatened with destruction by an insidious *foreign* influence; when we reflect how very unscrupulous were the men engaged in this crusade against Catholicity, how many glaring untruths they boldly published both from the pulpit and the press, how many base forgeries—subsequently admitted to be such—they unblushingly perpetrated in the full light of day, and with the intelligence of the nineteenth century beaming in their faces; when we reflect that all this warfare against Catholics was openly conducted with a well concerted action and a regular *conspiracy* among almost all the rich and powerful Protestant

* Ibid. p. 7.

sects of the country, with the avowed purpose of crushing one of the weakest and poorest denominations of all, and that this *conspiracy* was kept alive by synodical enactments, by Protestant associations, and by the untiring energy and relentless zeal of perhaps the richest and most powerful sect in the country, which ever appeared as the leader of the movement; when we reflect on all these *undoubted facts*, can we be any longer surprised at the fearful scenes which so lately set the stigma of everlasting disgrace on the second city of the union?

He that would be surprised at such a result must be indeed but slightly acquainted with the philosophy of the human heart; must be but little versed in the history of the human race. All that surprises us is that the riots were so limited in their ravages, and so soon suppressed. Other countries and other times have witnessed much more dreadful scenes under the operation of causes much more slight: but other countries, gleaning experience from past times, have learned the duty and *necessity* of promptly and efficiently checking whatever might lead to a repetition of such scenes. And we too will soon learn, if we have not yet learned, this wholesome lesson.

To show that our statement just given is not unfounded or even exaggerated in point of fact, we will here present some Protestant authority on the subject. Our first witness will be the excellent and distinguished author of the "Olive Branch;" believed to be a venerable and eminent clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church in Philadelphia.* He had grown up and lived amidst the scenes which he describes; he had been long a close observer of passing events; he is a competent, and surely an impartial witness. Here is what he says:

"Distressing as it truly is to record it, yet the truth can not be disguised, that in a land, the adopted constitution of which, together with all the statutes that have been based upon it, most substantially confers, not a toleration of creeds, but a perfect liberty of religious profession, there have been the most proscriptive measures pursued against a distinct individual communion of Christians, that it has been denounced throughout the length and breadth of the land, that its members have been hunted and driven like outlaws before popular fury, that its altars have been desecrated, its temples fired by incendiary rioters. No age nor country, since the advent of man's Redeemer, perhaps, has beheld a more vindictive spirit roaming in lawless violence over the world, and with the watchword of religion, than is now seen in this our day, and in our own midst; save and except those primitive times when demons of imperial Rome led on their legions to the massacre of early believers. But it was then the wholesale butchery of Christian congregations by gentile murderers; it is now—may heaven arrest the wicked spirit—it is now the Christian that wars with Christian in worse than heathen fury."*

No, we cannot disguise it; it is a sober and afflicting *fact* that, for more than ten years at least, an untiring and systematic effort has been made to put down Catholicity in this *free* and glorious republic; and that this has been attempted too by means the most foul and unhallowed. An attempt has been made by a coalition as powerful as it is ruthless and bigoted, to shut out from the glorious privileges of our noble constitution a minority of our citizens who have been guilty of no fault save that of adhering with steadiness, and in the midst of much obloquy, to the religion of their forefathers and of the *forefathers of their very persecutors;* to the religion which stood alone for the first fifteen hundred years of the Christian era in her championship of Christianity and of the Bible; to the religion which, single-handed and alone, struggled successfully for centuries against the old Roman paganism, against the barbarism with which the Northmen overspread Europe, against Mohammedanism which, for a thousand years, threatened the independence and the very existence of the civilized world; in a word, against despotism in every form, and error in every hue and shape; to the religion of the Alfreds, of the Charlemagnes, of the Columbuses, of the Fenelons, and the Las Casas! We cannot disguise it, that for their firm adherence to this venerable and time-honored religion; this mother of heroes and of statesmen; this mother of the old republics of the middle ages; the mother of civilization and of the arts, this mother who brought *all* the nations of Europe into the blessed light of Christianity from the darkness of paganism; for the *crime* of revering

* The same gentleman is believed to be the author of the "Truth Unveiled," and "Catholicism compatible with republican institutions," &c. He certainly is a *man, good* and true.

* Pp. 14, 15.

obeying, and loving this venerable old mother, Catholics have been denounced and branded with infamy throughout our country!

Have we merited this treatment? Did our American Catholic forefathers merit it for us? Who, we would ask, *first* reared in triumph the broad banner of universal freedom on this North American continent? Who *first* proclaimed in this new world a truth, too wide and expansive to enter into the head of, or to be comprehended by, the narrow-minded Puritan of New England—a truth, till then new to all the infant colonies, that every man should be free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience? Who, while the Puritans of New England, and the religious bigots of the other Protestant colonies, were engaged in persecuting brother Protestants, in boring with red hot irons the tongues of the inoffensive Quakers, in burning witches and enacting "blue laws;"—who, we would ask, while these things were going on in most of the early Protestant colonies of North America, *first* proclaimed on this broad continent the glorious principles of universal freedom? Read Bancroft, read Goodrich, read Frost, read every Protestant historian of our country, and you will see there inscribed on the historic page a *fact* which reflects immortal honor on our American Catholic ancestry,—that Lord Baltimore and his Catholic colonists of Maryland were the *first* to announce, as the basis of their legislation, the great and noble principle, that no man's faith or conscience should be a bar to his holding any office, or enjoying any civil privilege of the community.

And yet Catholics are to be ruthlessly denounced as the allies of foreign despots, as the foes of freedom! When was it known that a Catholic ever persecuted a Protestant in this country? When was it known that a Catholic mob ever burned Protestant schools, burned Protestant churches, attacked, at the dead hour of night, defenceless Protestant females, and drove them out from their burning dwellings amidst hisses and hootings and unmanly revilings? When were Catholics known to burn precious libraries to the ground, or to invade the holy sanctuaries of the dead, in order to satiate their avarice with the ornaments which filial, parental, or conjugal piety had carefully placed around the last sad abode of the dear departed? When were they known to riot, with fiendish delight and exultation, amidst the ruins which their own fury had strewn around them, and to add insult to injury, calumny to outrages on persons and property? Yes, it *must* be avowed, our bitterest enemies *must* avow it, that Catholics have done none of all these things, and that in these things, as well as in many others, the glory and the *burning* shame, are *all, all,* on the side of their enemies!

At the darkest hour of our revolutionary struggle, when all was gloom and despondency, when the stoutest hearts quailed and dreaded the final issue, who, we would ask, came nobly to our succor, and secured triumph to our otherwise almost hopeless cause? Let it never be forgotten, that while we were engaged in the death-struggle for our independence with a *Protestant* government, and with every odds against us, *Catholic* France came generously to our assistance with her treasury, her fleets, and her armies, and that her generous aid insured our speedy triumph. Let even blind bigotry never forget this.

What American can soon forget the names of Rochambeau, De Grasse, De Kalb, Pulaski, La Fayette, Kosciusko! Without the aid of these noble Catholic heroes, and of the brave troops whom they led on to victory, would we have succeeded at all in our great revolutionary contest? Men of the clearest heads and of the greatest political forecast, living at that time, thought not; at least they deemed the result exceedingly doubtful.

And, during the whole war of the revolution, who ever heard of a Catholic coward, or of a Catholic traitor? When the Protestant General Gates fled from the battle-field of Camden, with the Protestant militia of North Carolina and Virginia, who but Catholics stood firm at their posts, and fought and died with the brave old Catholic hero, De Kalb, the veteran who, when others ingloriously fled, seized his good sword, and cried out to the brave old Maryland and Pennsylvania lines, "Stand firm, for I am too old to fly!" Who ever heard of a Catholic Arnold? And who has not heard of the brave Irish and German soldiers who, at a somewhat later period, mainly composed the invincible army of the impetuous "Mad Anthony" Wayne, and constituted the great bulwark of our defence against the savage invasions which

threatened our whole north-western frontier with devastation and ruin?

Have all these *facts*, and many more of a similar kind which might be alleged, so soon passed away from the memory of American citizens? Is dark ingratitude to be the foulest stigma on the character of our own, as it was on that of most ancient republics? Can Americans so soon forget that the man who perilled most in signing the declaration of independence was a Roman Catholic, and that when Charles Carroll of Carrolton put his name to that instrument, Benjamin Franklin observed: "There goes a cool million in support of the cause?" Can they so soon forget the very honorable testimony which the great and the good Washington bore to the valor, zeal, and services of Catholics during the revolutionary war, and that he named the Irish Catholic Barry the first commodore to form our infant navy? Can Philadelphians have so soon forgotten the name of the Catholic Fitzsimmons, one of their own delegates to the convention which ratified our national constitution?

Alas! all these things *have* been forgotten, or but slightly remembered! How have Catholics been repaid for all the blood and treasure which they shed and expended to secure our independence? Their services have been requited with outrage and indignity. They claimed no exclusive privileges whatever; all they asked was—what they had ever been willing to award to others—civil and religious liberty. They asked to be put on an equality with their Protestant fellow citizens, with whom they had fought side by side in the great battles of freedom. Did they obtain this just and equitable *right*, which the great Washington, in the letter just referred to, declared was theirs?

To be sure, an amendment to the constitution was adopted, by which congress stood pledged to make no law infringing the perfect freedom of conscience; and most of the states adopted similar articles in their constitutions, from which the dark stain of colonial intolerance was thus, in general, blotted out. But these wise enactments were all on paper; were they sustained and carried out by the spirit of the people?

Had the people been left to themselves, we firmly believe that their intelligence and liberality would have kept pace with legislative enactments. Time was when every thing bade fair to make this a glorious republic, *in deed*, as it was *in name*. Time was when the United States promised to be the peaceful home and happy resting place of the oppressed of every nation, of the exile from every country. Time was when our young republic presented to the forlorn of every clime the idea of an earthly paradise, in which all were to meet, and commingle, and be happy, on terms of perfect equality; where the voice of contention and strife should not be heard, and where all that were sheltered under the American flag should be as free as the air which stirred its ample folds.

But, alas! this beautiful vision was soon dissipated, and the poor stranger soon awakened to a sense of the sad reality! The serpent of religious bigotry soon entered into this fair paradise, marring its beauty, infecting its hitherto virgin atmosphere with its poisonous breath, and breaking the spell of its sanctuary quietude with horrible hissings. The charm was broken; the stranger *felt* that, instead of being in an earthly paradise, he had been cast out, like his first parents, into a frightful wilderness; that, instead of being at home, he was in a *strange* country, where he was branded as a stranger, an alien, an enemy!

The far-reaching forecast of the patriot Jefferson enabled him to foresee, and clearly to predict, this sad result of a deplorable combination of causes. The "mystery of iniquity" was already beginning to work even in his day, and his strong mind foresaw and predicted its fatal consequences, and even pointed to the very place in which these results were to be exhibited, and the very sect to whose agency they were to be mainly attributable! Let us read, and ponder well, the prophetic warning of the statesman who drafted our declaration of independence, and who, whatever we may think of his religious opinions, was, at any rate, a true patriot, and, in this instance at least, a prophet.

"The atmosphere of our country is unquestionably charged with a threatening cloud of fanaticism, lighter in some parts, denser in others, but too heavy in all. I had no idea, however, *that in Pennsylvania*, the cradle of toleration and freedom of opinion, it could have risen to the height you describe. *This must be owing to the growth of Presbyterianism.*

. . . . . Their ambition and tyranny would tolerate no rival if they had the power. *Systematical at grasping at an ascendancy over all other sects,* they aim at engrossing the education of the country; are hostile to every institution they do not direct; are jealous at seeing others begin to attend at all to that object."*

In another letter to William Shorb,† he thus enlarges on the same subject:

"The Presbyterian clergy are the loudest, the most intolerant of all sects, the most tyrannical and ambitious; ready at the word of a lawgiver, if such a word could now be obtained, to put the torch to the pile, and to rekindle in this virgin hemisphere the flames with which their oracle, Calvin, consumed the poor Servetus, because he could not subscribe the proposition of Calvin, that magistrates have a right to exterminate all heretics to the Calvinistic creed. They *pant to re-establish by law that holy inquisition, which they can now only infuse into public opinion.*"

It must prove instructive, though it will be painful, to trace the origin, the growth, the progress, and the terrible devastations of the "threatening cloud of fanaticism" of which the statesman of Monticello speaks; and, also, to examine the means employed "to infuse into public opinion" the foul spirit of proscription and persecution. We need not speak at any great length of the *remote* causes which gradually prepared the way for this unhappy state of things; of the hereditary hatred of Catholicity, transmitted as a fatal heir-loom from Protestant sire to son, for the last three centuries; of English bigotry transplanted to our virgin hemisphere; of the "no popery" cry, raised originally by Luther and his associate reformers, and repeated by his followers, in every form and shape, until it has become insipid and stale; of the turbid torrent of calumny and misrepresentation of every person and thing Catholic, rolling on and accumulating strength until, like the waters of another deluge, it has almost overwhelmed the world; of false statements regarding Catholics reiterated from the pulpit and through the press ten thousand times, and, though triumphantly refuted as often, still reiterated with renewed boldness. All these means of tainting public opinion had been long employed with fatal and murderous effect; but people had grown tired of the constant repetition of the same mischievous trickery.

It was deemed necessary by the American leaders of the "no popery" movement to season the persecution of slander with some new and more exciting condiments. An occasion soon presented itself in the capital of the cold and puritanical north, where a flourishing branch of the Ursuline convent had been lately established, having annexed to it a most prosperous female academy, in which the daughters of some among the first families of New England were educated. The old calumnies about the abominations of convents were revived in the community; maddening appeals to the very worst passions of the human bosom were made by reverend preachers from the pulpit; horrible disclosures about a certain escaped nun were gotten up specially for the occasion; the minds of the ignorant were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; the sanctimonious already gloated, by anticipation, over the coming devastation; and, in this state of the public mind, a preacher of great talents and reputation harangued the multitude in his meeting-house, till he became hoarse, on the abominations of popery in general, and of convents in particular.

The effect was electrical; it was like applying the match to combustible matter; the congregation organized itself into a lawless mob *at the very church door,* and soon the spectator might have seen, by the light of a splendid literary institution burning brightly in the dead of night, the forms of a vast multitude of fiends in human shape, busy in hastening the destruction of the burning edifice, and *in tearing up the graves of the adjoining cemetery;* and he might have seen too the half clad forms of little girls and of women, as they fled shrieking through that pitiless mob, to take shelter for the night in the adjoining fields!

Well, after all this savage work had been done, a committee of investigation, composed of intelligent Protestants of Boston, examined fully into all the grounds of complaint against the convent, and reported that there was no foundation whatever for any of them all! But the mischief had been done; the spirit of bitter persecution had been "infused into public opinion;" the ringleaders in the riot were acquitted by popular acclamation, and a number of pious and accomplished religious ladies were, for conscience' sake, literally *burned* out of New England!

* Jefferson's Works, vol. iv, p. 358.
† Ibid., p. 322.

Shame on this unmanly attack, by night too, on inoffensive females! Those who participated in this atrocious outrage, as well as those who approved it, showed themselves the worthy descendants of those who had burned the witches, exterminated the poor Indians, and enacted the "blue laws." And did not, and does not Massachusetts, *to this very day*, at least tacitly, approve of that outrage? Else why has she pertinaciously refused up to this very day, to grant indemnity to the sufferers? Why do the ruins of Mount Benedict "still cumber the summit of Bunker Hill, and cast a dark shade over the soil of Massachusetts?" Why are there *two* monuments on Bunker's Hill, one commemorating the noble first struggle of freedom, and the other the triumph of bigotry?

But we must hasten on. The reverend incendiary who instigated the burning of the convent in Boston soon left the theatre where he had already won glory enough, and travelled westward, to repose under the shade of his laurels! Here, too, he soon distinguished himself by the unscrupulous means he employed to put down Catholicity. He published a book called, oddly enough, a "Plea for the West," but, in reality, a plea for his own pocket, and an inflammatory attack on Catholics, whom he represented as leagued with the despots of Europe in a conspiracy for the subversion of our liberties, as Judge Hall,* a distinguished Protestant, abundantly proved at the time, in a searching review of the work. Whether, and to what extent, he succeeded in raising money by his "Plea," we are not able to say; one thing is certain, the tocsin of alarm which he sounded elicited no responsive echo; the sound soon died away; people were not yet prepared to be gulled by palpable absurdities.

Something new was now required, or else the "no popery" excitement was in imminent danger of dying out for want of aliment. Accordingly, the old slanders about convents were renewed under more favorable auspices. A wandering preacher picked up a strolling woman in the streets of Montreal, and soon a terrible book of "Awful Disclosures," the scene of which lay in the "Hotel Dieu" nunnery of Montreal, made its appearance in New York. A storm of excitement ensued, and though the book was denounced as a base imposture by *all* the press of Montreal and of Canada, and by nearly all the press of New York, yet two editions, of nearly forty thousand copies each, were rapidly struck off and sold! The sale continued, even after every one had found out that the book was a tissue of base slanders from beginning to end; and it was only after the sales had been completed, and the money coolly pocketed by the preachers—not, however, until after they had tried a suit at law about the division of the spoils—that even the notorious Rev. William C. Brownlee, hitherto the main champion of the book, came out in the "Protestant Vindicator," and quietly acknowledged that the whole was a forgery!

And these men were preachers of the gospel; and the good natured public, though thus basely deceived by them, and gulled out of their money, were still not fully undeceived as to the *real* character and motives of those men who put themselves forward in the crusade against Catholics! It is said that John Bull is the most gullible of animals; but he has a son, named Jonathan, who shows that, in this respect at least, if in no other, he is his father's son.

The Maria Monk speculation turned out so very profitable to those who had embarked in it, that soon there was quite a number of other speculators in the same field. First, the preachers who had charge of Maria Monk, tried to get up another set of "Awful Disclosures," the scene of which was to be placed in the United States; but their plot was detected and exposed, and they signally failed. Then came another *immaculate* lady from Canada, named Frances Partridge; she declared that Maria Monk was an impostor who had usurped her name, and that *she* was the real *Simon Pure*. But this, too, proved an utter failure. Finally, the imbecile renegade Smith came out and published another book of the kind, called Rosamond Culbertson, teeming with filth and obscenity; but the thing was already overdone; the market was more than glutted; the people were tired of being sported with; and the preachers began to *feel* that their reckless mendacity was recoiling on themselves.

This theme was worn out; something new

*In the Western Monthly Magazine, a most ably conducted periodical.

must be started. But what that something should be, they were sadly puzzled to find out. The old church had been attacked from the pulpit, attacked from the press, attacked by individual preachers, attacked by whole synods assembled; a regular conspiracy had been organized throughout the country to vilify and abuse her; itinerant lecturers had been employed to traverse the country to preach her down; and itinerant mountebanks had been salaried to distribute among the people obscene or inflammatory tracts against her; and yet she bravely stood her ground; she seemed to bear a charmed life, and even to flourish under the lash of persecution! The Breckinridges, the Brownlees, the Cheevers, the Bergs, the Sparrys, *et id genus omne*, had made almost supernatural exertions to put down "Romanism;" but the tough old shield of Romanism, which had been proof against stronger missiles, sent by stronger and more skilful hands, for eighteen hundred long years, was proof also against *their* feeble darts, which recoiled upon their own heads! Catholicism still stood proudly erect, and whenever she had come into fair and open collision with her motley and jarring antagonists, she had more than maintained her position!

What was to be done? Appeals to the worst passions had been tried, and they had failed; proscription, denunciation, *forgery*, had been tried, and they had all failed. Was the contest to be given up in despair? This would not do. The stern and relentless spirit of Calvinism, which had ever been conspicuous in the anti-catholic warfare, could not brook the thought for a moment. A new and desperate effort must be made; Protestant associations must be formed throughout the country; a systematic attempt must be made to blacken, not only the religion, but the character of Catholics; and they are to be represented as the enemies of God and man. How *dare* they breathe the breath of life in this *Protestant* country? How *dare* they claim equal civil privileges and immunities with the Protestant lords of this blessed Protestant soil? Are they not the base slaves of a foreign despot, the pope? Are they not the enemies of freedom? Are they not the enemies of the Bible? Can they, under these circumstances, be even tolerated in a *free* country?

Well, the Protestant Association was organized throughout the country; in Philadelphia, its leading men were the most untiring in their zeal, and the most ferocious in their bigotry. About eighteen Protestant preachers, ministers of the God of peace and of love, enrolled their names as members; and the notes of fierce denunciation against Catholics were soon heard to ring from the various pulpits of the "city of brotherly love!"

"Congregations, instead of being taught from the pulpit to adorn their profession by all the lovely graces of the gospel,"—it is a distinguished Protestant minister of Philadelphia whom we are quoting,—"by kind and affectionate bearing in the world, by earnest and ever active endeavors to secure for themselves and others the blessings of peace, were annoyed with inflammatory harangues upon the 'great schism,' and upon the 'abominations of the Roman church.' The pope, and the pope, and the pope, was the beginning and the end of sermons in certain churches, and women and children were frightened with details of him at Rome, whilst they who were of the stature of men were held breathless captives, when they were addressed by these orators on the subject of papal usurpations, and the ecclesiastical domination contemplated by 'antichrist' in America. They were told that there was not a Catholic church that had not underneath it prepared cells for Protestant heretics; that every priest was a Jesuit in disguise; that the pope was coming to this country with an army of cassocked followers, and that each would be trebly armed with weapons, concealed under the folds of 'Babylonish robes.' Never did Titus Oates detail more horrid conspiracies than did these clerical sentinels; and all that was wanting was the power, and such a judge as Jeffries" (or Calvin), "to make every Roman Catholic expiate his abominable heresy on the scaffold."

The same candid and impartial writer continues:

"It was a melancholy state of affairs which the prosecution of this association brought about in this city, once known and acknowledged to be foremost in social harmony and order. The peace of the community was disturbed; families were made to break asunder the bonds of fellowship; Protestants were warned against associations with Catholics for any purpose; and from almost every desk, on the day consecrated to holy rest, even from the agitation of human passions, intemperate declamations against the 'evils of Romanism,' were sure to be heard. 'No compromise with Rome,' and no peace to her 'degraded subjects,' were the watch-words of these Protestant crusaders. All discussions among themselves were now hushed. The angry passions of differing Christians were stilled

for the season, to be concentrated upon one object with increased energy and force."*

The association soon distinguished itself by an unmanly attack on poor Catholic servants, and on the forlorn orphan! Let us hear the indignant rebuke administered by the same reverend gentleman whose words we have last quoted.

"In the excess of zeal on the part of its managers, there has been exhibited a perfect contempt for the plainest duties of humanity, a positive disregard to the first principles of morals, and which *barbarous savages would shrink from disobeying*. In the first address issued by the association, the question is formally and calmly submitted to the public—to the Christian public, mark ye—whether Protestants do right when they listen to appeals in behalf of Catholic orphans; and that they may hereafter be guarded in the bestowal of their charities, it is intimated that these orphans may, through wrongly directed benevolence, become priests or nuns. And this has been done in the nineteenth century, in a Christian land, and by Christian ministers! Such are the effects of a blind, sectarian spirit; such the port, and bearing, and manners of sectarian intolerance! Orphans may perish in the highways and ditches, may be cast into lazar houses or prisons, may be denied all sympathy—for sympathy will partake of sin, when directed to fatherless Catholic children—from a holy fear that they may become priests before Christian altars, or cloistered nuns, in after life! Alas, and alas! what will not blind bigotry do towards closing the well-springs of religion and goodness in the human heart, even after it has submitted to a Saviour's reign?"†

This wofully "blind" bigotry of the Protestant preachers in Philadelphia, reminds us of serpents near the close of summer, when they become blind with excessive venom, and strike recklessly at every object that presents itself, often inflicting mortal wounds on themselves. It forcibly calls to our mind too a graphic picture of bigotry, drawn by the Irish orator, Philipps. Here it is.

"Bigotry has no head, and can not think; she has no heart, and can not feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of victims; if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock, to whet her fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desperation."

Notwithstanding the almost superhuman exertions of its leaders, the association soon began to languish, and its discordant notes of hatred were fast dying away. Sober and considerate men of all denominations began to be astounded at the blind malignity of the preachers who figured in its meetings; they turned in disgust from the loathsome spectacle of Christian ministers openly warring against the widow and the orphan; and they thanked their God that these men were not natives of Philadelphia, but most of them from the cold and puritanical north.

The league against Catholicity was on the eve of its dissolution, when suddenly a new and more exciting element of strife was infused into its almost lifeless body. "The Bible, the Bible! oh! spare the Bible from the foreign papists!" now became the watch-word of the association. Rumors became rife in the community, that the Catholics wished to exclude the Bible from the common schools; the changes were rung upon this charge from the pulpit and the press; immense meetings were held in the public squares of the city, to defend the Bible from the attacks of "foreign papists," and a new *politico-religioso* party was organized, called the Native American, for the special defence of the Bible!

The new party was headed by a notorious demagogue, "a renegade English Jew," who had left behind him no enviable reputation in the various states in which he had successively sojourned.* It held large and tumultuous meetings, and made maddening appeals to the passions of the ignorant; in a word, it became the servile tool, the base, fawning slave of the Protestant Association, ready to do its bidding, and to accomplish all its dirty work!† The Bible was paraded in proces-

* Quoted by the author of "The Warning of Thomas Jefferson," from the "Truth Unveiled," the first offering of the Rev. Mr. Goodman on the altar of truth, charity, and peace.

† Olive Branch, p. 17, 18.

* He had resided, we are told, in Nashville, Louisville, and Baltimore.

† That we do no injustice to the Native American party, in ascribing its origin to the darkest religious bigotry, will appear from the following considerations, in addition to the proofs contained in the text. 1st. A Protestant grand jury openly asserted that the party had originated in a solicitude for the protection of the Bible. 2d. Though the party affected to assail foreigners, yet Irish Orangemen, and other bitter *foreign* enemies of Catholicity, were among its most conspicuous and active members; a dirty Orange flag was placed on the top of the market-house during the Kensington riots; the violent Orange air, "the Boyne Water," was played in triumph, while the flames

sions, as the ensign of the new party, and dark threats were afloat in the community against those who *dared*, in this *free* (!) country, still to persevere in professing the religion of their fathers. Reverend preachers were seen to desert their pulpits, to come down into the political arena, and to harangue tumultuous multitudes on the "abominations of popery," and the dangers to our republican institutions from "foreign papists!" The community was thrown into a state of excitement bordering on madness; Catholics, and especially the Catholic clergy, were scarcely safe, either in their persons or their property; and every thing was ripe for an outbreak.

The rest of the sad story is known, and we need not dwell on its sickening details. Under the circumstances which we have thus far endeavored feebly to state, it would have been wonderful, indeed, if terrible riots had not ensued in Philadelphia. They did ensue, at two different times, and the ravages they left behind them are thus summed up by the excellent author of the "Olive Branch," already quoted.

"The Native American party has existed for a period hardly reaching five months, and in that time of its being, what has been seen? Two Catholic churches burnt, one thrice fired and desecrated, a Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torches of an incendiary mob, two rectories and a most valuable library destroyed, forty dwellings in ruins, about forty human lives sacrificed, and sixty of our fellow citizens wounded; riot, and rebellion, and treason, rampant on two occasions in our midst; the laws boldly set at defiance, and peace and order prostrated by ruffian violence."

The mischief was all done; the enemies of Catholicity were revelling amidst the ruins of our churches, and a Protestant grand jury, appointed to inquire into the causes of the riots, and composed, we are told, chiefly of Presbyterians,* openly laid the whole blame of their origin upon the Catholics, and asserted that the native American party had been formed in consequence of efforts made by "a portion of the community to exclude the Bible from the public schools." The Catholics immediately held a meeting, and an Address, penned by William A. Stokes, Esq., was unanimously adopted, in which the assertion of the grand jury was proved to *be utterly false, and totally unfounded in fact*, by the combined testimony of the Protestant directors of the public schools!! Thus was a base and wicked falsehood, which had been the source of such incalculable mischief, even before it had been endorsed by a Protestant grand jury, nailed for ever to the counter.* The Catholics stood triumphantly vindicated; and their enemies who had no answer to give, save their silence and certain vague declamations in their tumultuous meetings, were completely worsted in public opinion; and the members of the grand jury must have blushed for very shame, if they had yet any warm and honest blood tingling in their veins!

To make certainty doubly sure, the 26th annual report of the controllers of the public schools in Philadelphia city and county, officially declared that "*no attempt had ever been made by any one in that board, nor had the controllers ever been asked by any sect, person or persons, to exclude the Bible from the common schools*"† This official declaration set the question at rest for ever, and left the Protestant and native American bigots no alternative but to plead guilty, to repent, and to hide their faces with shame.

The plain state of the case was simply this. The Catholics of Philadelphia, who were taxed for the support of the public schools equally with their Protestant fellow citizens, wished to enjoy equal rights and equal liberty of conscience with them in the education of their children. They claimed no exclusive privilege whatever; they never asked that the Bible should be excluded from the schools, but merely that their own children, if forced to read the Bible at all, might be allowed to use the Catholic version. Nothing could have been more reasonable; and the Protestant directors of the schools thought so. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* Hence the bitter rage of the bigots who wished to cram their own

were consuming St. Michael's church; and a notorious Orangeman was actually paraded through the streets of Philadelphia, in the "temple of liberty," which was carried in procession on the 4th of July. 3d. The speeches of Levin, and those of the other leaders, teemed with abuse of Catholics; this, in fact, was the main staple in which those fiendish demagogues dealt, in order to inflame public resentment! 4th. The very cry of the mob, "To the nunnery! to the church!" proved conclusively which way the party had inclined and taught them to go. This incident alone speaks volumes as to the end and aim and animating principle of the whole party.

* Jefferson's Warning, pp. 31, 32.

* See the certificates appended to the Address.

† See Olive Branch, p. 34.

exclusive notions down the throats of others; and thought that because they had a numerical majority they could have every thing in their own way.

To show how utterly absurd and unchristian was their conduct, let us for a moment reverse the case. Suppose that Catholics had been in a majority, and Protestants in a minority in Philadelphia; and that the former had wished to compel the children of the latter to read the Catholic Bible in the public schools, though their parents strongly remonstrated against it; what an outcry would have been immediately raised! how the preachers would have exclaimed against the tyranny of the pope, the dungeons of the inquisition, &c. Is there not, in that very Bible about which so much noise was made, some such a maxim as this: "All things whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also to them?"*

It is thus a remarkable *fact*, and as sad as it is remarkable, that whenever the enemies of Catholicity have succeeded in getting up an extraordinary excitement against it, or in causing it great mischief, they have succeeded by open falsehood and forgery; and by what they have themselves afterwards been compelled, in almost every instance, to admit as such! The Rebecca Reed and Maria Monk forgeries, and this base falsehood about the Bible in Philadelphia, to pass over many other less glaring instances, are all cases in point. One thing alone surprises us, that the people have not sooner found out and more generally distrusted the men who have so often and so vilely sported with their credulity; men, professing to be ministers of Christ, who, while they charge on Catholics the adoption of the maxim, "the end justifies the means," themselves adopt it and reduce it to practice every day!

What, we would here ask *en passant*, is to be thought of religious sects which cannot be defended but by such unhallowed means; and what opinion, on the contrary, should considerate men hold concerning a religion which never has been and never can be assailed with any effect, without a resort to falsehood and forgery? What should be thought of a religion which has always come out unscathed from every ordeal; which slander and persecution have not been able to crush during eighteen long centuries; which, though nailed to the cross with Christ, will yet always rise again with Christ from the tomb to which her enemies had triumphantly consigned her! But we must return.

Let us not be told, as the grand jury declared, from avowedly *ex parte* testimony, that the Irish Catholics of Kensington disturbed and fired on a quiet and lawful political meeting; and that they alone were to blame for all the subsequent outrages. We know this is the popular view of the subject; and we have even heard of an honorable judge on the bench, who feelingly spoke of the blood boiling in his veins when he thought of this vile attack of foreigners on native citizens! We know too that a portion of the public press sustained this view; but we have lost all confidence in the press, especially in times of great excitement, and when nothing is to be gained, and much to be lost by telling the *whole* truth.

The evidence elicited during the late trial of John Daly clearly establishes the fact, that the native meeting of Kensington was *an armed one, and that it fired first on the Irish!* The first shot was fired by a *native*, and the first man wounded was Patrick Fisher, an Irishman and a Catholic! This is abundantly proved by the sworn testimony of Alfred M. Clark, Andrew Hague, Joseph Wood, John Matheys, R. G. Fougeray, William F. Small, George H. Martin, and others; all of them neither Catholics nor Irishmen, nor belonging to any particular party.*

That there was some wrong on the part of the Irish residents in Kensington, particularly in the disturbance of the small and paltry meeting of native Americans on the 3d of May, we freely admit; and we cheerfully coincide with an able contemporary in granting that it was an act of rashness, if not of insanity, in the Irish to attend that meeting at all; for they might have known that there their passions would be aroused by wanton abuse of their country and of their religion. But the disturbance was after all only such as very unfortunately often occurs at meetings where deeply exciting topics are discussed; no fire-arms were used, and the candid will admit that the Irish had very great provocation. As to the

* St. Mathew vii, 12.

* See their testimony in the "Warning of Thomas Jefferson," p. 24, *et seq.*

story of the American flag being trampled on by Irish papists, it was all a wicked and malicious forgery gotten up for effect like the falsehood about the Bible. The fact is, the natives were determined to have a fight, no matter what the consequence.

But even admitting, for the sake of argument, the truth of the very worst charges alleged against the Irish Catholics by their enemies, what harm, we would ask, had the churches and the altars of the living God done that they should be burnt down? What harm had the schools and the libraries done, that they too should be ruthlessly destroyed? What harm had the deceased done, that they should be disturbed in their graves? What harm had the Sisters of Charity done, that they should be exposed to unmanly insults in the streets? These questions can be put much more easily than they can be answered. They show at a glance what were the scope and aim and animating principles of the whole movement. They show that religious fanaticism of the very worst kind was the basis at least of early nativism.

The attempts of the native party to prove that they had no agency in the outrages that marked the riots are indeed ludicrous enough. Did not their leaders goad the people into frenzy with their frothy declamation and their furious tirades from the press? Did not their organs in Philadelphia excuse, and even openly defend the church burners? And while the late trials were going on, did not the party make every effort to screen from punishment those among the rioters of their own party who had been arrested? And when the jury rendered the verdict of "guilty" against Isaac Hare, did not murmurs arise in open court, and were not the independent jurymen saluted with hisses and threats of personal violence, on leaving the court room?

These are all stubborn *facts*, which speak more than volumes of vapid declamation by those who showed themselves willing to resort to calumny, to forgery. They *forged* a letter purporting to be from Bishop Kenrick to his flock! in order to carry out their wicked purposes. True, the leaders of the party made *some* efforts to save St. Philip's church from being burned down, during the July riots. But they had discovered that church burning would ruin their party, and they had already so far excited the passions of the populace, that their interposition, feebly and reluctantly given, was insufficient, and the military had to be called in to save the church. The native leaders had raised a storm which they could not control, and calm was not restored but after bloodshed, and treason and open civil war had rioted in the streets of Philadelphia!

And was not the great leader of the party arrested by order of Governor Porter, for violent and seditious articles published in his paper on occasion of the Southwark riots? and is he not now a "candidate for the penitentiary," as well as a member of congress? In short, the efforts of the native Americans to prevent the burning of St. Philip's church, forcibly remind us of a choleric old gentleman who once, in a fit of rage, set fire to his own house; but afterwards, when he discovered the flames progressing, became alarmed, and called out at the top of his voice, "fire! fire!" aroused the whole neighborhood, and had the flames extinguished! So the native leaders had kindled up a raging fire in the bosoms of the populace, which it required the whole executive authority of the state, and the military strength of the city and adjoining counties, to extinguish!

But the worst feature in the whole history of the riots is the active participation of Protestant preachers in the painful scenes of excitement which led to them. We verily believe that, if fanatical preachers from the north had not been in the city, there would have been no riots. We find preachers, time after time, haranguing the multitudes in the streets; we find preachers, on the very day that the Kensington riots began, preparing and presenting resolutions of a most inflammatory character; we find preachers fanning the flame from the pulpit and through the press; we find preachers, every where in Philadelphia, the life and the soul of the riots! It is as lamentable as it is true.

The hypocrisy of these men was only exceeded by their hatred of Catholics. They pretended an unbounded love of the Bible, while they were trampling under foot the most sacred requirements of the holy volume. They vaunted their love of liberty, while they were lending their influence to have a portion of their fellow citizens deprived of the most sacred privileges, and ruthlessly trodden in

the dust. They were wont to profess great zeal for the "poor benighted papists;" but when these same "poor benighted papists" once came within the sphere of their influence, instead of attempting to enlighten them, they drove them from their door, and bitterly denounced them as "minions of the pope," and enemies of republican government! They were for ever falsely denouncing the Roman Catholic priesthood for interfering in politics; and ere the sound of the calumny had died away, they themselves were seen descending from the desk into the arena of politics, and preaching up doctrines which *directly* led, and which they must have perceived would directly lead to treason, to arson, to murder! O bigotry! how blind and inconsistent thou art! O hypocrisy! how subtle and wicked! No wonder the blessed Jesus, so meek and so gentle on all other occasions, should have dealt in withering invective and in woes, when he rebuked the hypocrisy of the Pharisees!

One of the chief artifices resorted to by the preachers, both before and since the riots, in order to get up or increase the excitement against Catholics, was the constant repetition of the charge that Catholic priests, and especially Irish Catholic priests, exercise an undue political influence over their flocks. Catholics were denounced as the "minions of the pope," and the old gentleman at Rome was supposed to hold them captive, body and soul, through the agency of the priests. Catholics were represented as the mere slaves of the priests, without whose bidding they could neither move, nor live, nor think!

Now let us see what one of the most eminent and intelligent Protestants of the last century says, in regard to the relative influence of the Catholic and Protestant clergy over their respective flocks. The vapid declamation of a thousand preachers would not weigh a feather in comparison with the testimony of such a man as the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke. The extract we furnish is from a letter of the distinguished Irish orator and statesman to his son;* and it treats of the relative influence of the Catholic and Protestant clergy of Ireland. Every one will perceive that his remarks apply with still greater force to the state of things in this country.

"Gentlemen who call themselves Protestants (*I do not know what that word means, and nobody ever would or could inform me*) are dupes of their own calumnious representations, which serve to mislead them, and irritate those against whom they are made. In order to render the Catholics contemptible, they have ever represented them as men, in all cases, incapable of forming any ideas or opinions, or even wishes of their own; but that their bodies and souls were at the entire disposal of their priests. These miserable creatures, the zealots of the ascendancy, have been fed with this stuff as their nurse's pap, and it is never to be got out of their habit. Their low and senseless malice makes them utterly incapable of forming a right judgment on any thing. Such is their notion. But I, who know the Catholics of Ireland better than these gentlemen who never have conversed with them, and who, of course, are more ignorant of the real state of their own country than that of Japan, know that at no time within my observation have the Catholic clergy had a great deal of influence over the Catholic people. I have never known an instance (until a few of them were called into action by the manœuvres of the Castles) that in secular concerns they took any part at all."

In another part of the same letter he says, speaking of the Catholic clergy of Ireland:

"At present, being stripped of all adventitious aids, and having nothing but the mere credit belonging to them, I think that, though certainly not without influence (and God forbid they or any clergy should), they have rather less than any other clergy I know. You and I have talked over this matter. To those who are acquainted with the prescript form to which the church of Rome binds its clergy, both as to opinions and the exercise of their functions (which dogmas, forms, and rules are just as well known to laity as to priests), it will easily appear that they have not that range of influence which doctors have who can teach just what they please, and what they think is most likely, for the time being, to be acceptable and to please the people. No Roman Catholic priest can make a pleasing discovery to his congregation. He and his congregation are bound by the authority of their whole church in all times and in all countries, whose general and collective authority infinitely lessens the individual authority of every private pastor, as the strictness of other laws lessens the power of individual magistrates. Whereas most of us, who examine critically, feel as little as any of them, and for the greater part, think less about it, and are indeed incapable of doing so, we do and must receive our doctrine from our priest, who himself is not bound up to any thing beyond his own ideas; and consequently the mass of us depend more upon the individual pastor."

*Found in his lately published correspondence, in four volumes.

This paper has already extended to an almost unwarrantable length, and yet we have not said one-half of those things which we had intended to say. To those who might be disposed to think that our remarks have been unnecessarily harsh and severe, we beg leave to say that we have thought it better to call things by their true names, and to be plain and direct. We believe that we have hazarded no statement without the strongest and most incontestable evidence. Of course, we have been compelled to confine our remarks to the general facts and views of the subject we have attempted to treat, and we believe that we can have given offence to none, save those whom every honest man is compelled to offend, if he would tell the truth. If the *facts* are painful, we have the consolation to say that we did not assist in making them *facts;* we have barely recorded them. Let those look to it who made them.

Our Protestant fellow citizens we would address, in conclusion, in the language of a writer already quoted:

"In the fulness of a heart deeply wounded by a sense of degradation by the recent horrible events, the writer appeals to his fellow citizens to cast far from them, and for ever, this religious rancor, this sectarian intolerance, this antichristian ultraism. What has it not done from the beginning? what wo and ruin and disgrace has it not caused among us, and at our very doors, within the last few months? Enough of blood, assuredly, has been shed; enough of wretchedness and misery brought upon families and individuals. Far and widespread enough are the desolations which can be beheld within our borders. Is it not now time to pause and reflect? Are we not called by a voice from the insulted Majesty on high, to stop in our mad career of bold, high-handed iniquity? . . . . . *Let pulpits no more ring with terms of reproach and asperity; let the religious periodicals abate their fierce contentions, and let the conductors of the public press be silent on such topics.* Let Christians no longer cast about them odious and irritating terms of reproach against any other denomination; no vulgar epithets against our brethren, how far soever removed from us in doctrinal faith. Let us all determine before God, and angels, and men, that, so far as in us lies, we 'will live peaceably with all men;' that we will show the beauty and influence of our Christianity in its power to make all to be our brethren, in bonds of a divine charity. Let us cling to and support the constitution of our country in its just and impartial principles of religious toleration and liberty; and, in a word, let us 'bless them that curse us, and pray for them that despitedly use us and persecute us.'"*

We commend this last advice of our blessed Lord, in a special manner, to our Catholic brethren; and we can point to no better example of a compliance with its letter and its spirit, than that presented by the Catholic bishop, clergy, and people of Philadelphia, who, in the midst of trials and sufferings, such as have never before fallen to the lot of any portion of our citizens, have exhibited a patience and forbearance honorable to their holy religion, and worthy of primitive Christianity.

Persecution has ever been the lot of the true church of Christ; the "disciple is not above the Master;" if the blessed Jesus was persecuted, may not we expect to be? Let us not be discouraged or downcast; if the storms and vicissitudes and persecutions of eighteen centuries have not overturned our church, the riots of Philadelphia will not compass its destruction. If the Diocletians and the Julians and the Luthers and the Calvins could not destroy our church, is it likely that its destruction will be brought about by such pigmies as the Bergs, the Brownlees, the Cheevers, the Sparries, and the Breckenridges? The Gordon riots in London were much more terrible and destructive than were the native riots of Philadelphia; but the Gordon riots, instead of annihilating our church in England, mark the precise date of its incipient growth and prosperity. May we not believe that, with the blessing of God, a similar result will follow the Philadelphia riots? One thing is certain, a God has pledged his solemn word that "*the gates of hell shall* NOT *prevail against his church.*"

M. J. S.

We may revert to this subject.

* Olive Branch, p. 20, 21.

A GLANCE AT THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. May, 1844. London: printed for the institution.

ROM the moment that the high commission delivered by Christ to his apostles, "go, teach all nations," began to be accomplished in the preaching of revealed truth, down to the period in which we live, there has always been witnessed in the Catholic church an ardent and indomitable zeal for the spiritual conquest of those who were seated in darkness and in the shadow of death. If, in the earliest and brightest days of Christianity, no threats of tyrannical persecution, no violence of impious hate, could extinguish this sacred fire in the breast of the minister of God, the blighting touch of time has been equally impotent in allaying its holy ardor, through the countless generations that have successively passed away. The same divine voice that gave the command to evangelize the nations of the earth, breathed into his church, which was to be the instrument of this great revolution, a spirit of heroism and charity, which has never recoiled from any undertaking, however difficult of accomplishment, when it might result in the salvation of a soul redeemed by the blood of Christ. Hence the history of the church is but the history of her glorious triumphs, over the different kingdoms and tribes which are scattered over the surface of the globe, and which have been added, one after the other, to her ranks, in proportion as her pastors could bear to them the joyful tidings of the gospel.

No sooner had the Spirit of truth and of power descended upon the apostles, than they entered upon the grand project, which would have been deemed madness by any but a heaven-born spirit, of converting the world. The sacred light is first seen in Jerusalem, and thence diffuses itself over the surrounding nations. St. Peter addressed himself particularly to the Jews, and St. Paul labored more extensively among the gentiles. It is believed, on the strength of a respectable tradition, that St. Thomas penetrated as far as the Indies. The other apostles evangelized different countries, and so astonishing was the progress of religion that, ere they were called to their reward, St. Paul spoke of the Christian faith as having been announced throughout the whole world, and applied to the preaching of the apostles those words of the psalmist: "Their sound hath gone forth unto all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."*

In the first century churches were founded in Judea, Samaria, Asia Minor, Armenia, Scythia, Persia, India, Greece, Egypt, Ethiopia, Italy, Spain and Gaul. In the following age, the faith of Christ was still more widely spread in various parts of the Roman empire, and was introduced into Britain. In the third century, we find it penetrating into Arabia, the Belgic provinces, and many districts of Gaul, which were almost wholly converted. Immense numbers now flocked from the east and the west, to sit down in peace under the shadow of the cross; and such were the vast accessions to the church that cotemporary writers mention its conquests even in countries which the Roman eagle had never beheld. "We are but of yesterday," says Tertullian, addressing the senate, "and we have overspread your empire. Your cities, your islands, your forts, towns and assemblies, your very armies, wards, companies, tribes, palaces, senate and forum, swarm with Christians."† During the fourth century, innumerable conversions were witnessed throughout the Roman empire, where a new impulse had been given to the progress of religion by the conversion of Constantine. Iberia and Abyssinia were also added to the faith, while it was advancing in Armenia. The fifth century saw the Irish nation converted by the labors of St. Patrick, the Scots by those of St. Palladius, the

* Psalm xviii. † Apol. c. xxxvii.

Picts by St. Ninianus, and the Franks, with King Clovis and three thousand officers of his army, by St. Remigius. In 565, St. Columkill visited Scotland, and converted the king of the northern Picts. At a later period, missionaries were sent by St. Gregory into England to instruct the Anglo-Saxons in the faith of Christ. Historians relate that St. Austin and his companions baptized no less than ten thousand persons at Canterbury on one day. "In the seventh century, St. Kilian, sent by Pope Conon, preached the gospel in Franconia; St. Swidbert and others evangelized Friesland, Brabant, Holland, and lower Germany; and St. Rupert became the apostle of Bohemia. In the eighth century, St. Boniface, sent by Pope Gregory II, 719, converted the Hessians, Thuringians, and Bavarians, and suffered martyrdom at length in Friesland, in 755, with fifty-two of his companions. In the ninth century, St. Adalbert converted Prussia; and St. Ludger became the apostle of Saxony and Westphalia; and died bishop of Munster. In the same age, St. Anscarius, archbishop of Hamburg and Bremen, preached the gospel to the Danes, and planted Christianity in Sweden, about the year 830. About the same period, the two brothers, SS. Methodius and Cyril, with the sanction of Pope John VIII, converted the Sclavonians, the Russians, and the Moravians, and also Michael, king of the Bulgarians. In the tenth century, the faith was extended into Muscovy, Denmark, Gothland, Sweden and Poland. The Normans with their duke, Rollo, were converted in 912; and the Hungarians with their king, St. Stephen, embraced Christianity about the year 1002."* In the twelfth century, the church was increased by the conversion of the Norwegians and Livonians, chiefly through the labors of a missionary, who subsequently became pope under the name of Adrian IV. Courland was added to the faith by St. Memen, and even the distant inhabitants of Iceland bowed to the yoke of Christ. Innumerable conversions also took place in the following age, by the labors of St. Hyacinth of Poland, and of the Franciscan missionaries whom the pope sent among the Tartars. Several tribes of these barbarians came over to the faith, with one of their emperors, as well as the Cumani on the river Danube. The fourteenth century beheld the religious enlightenment of the Lithuanians, with their prince Wladislaus, and the spread of the gospel in Great Tartary, where the archbishopric of Cambalu and six suffragan bishoprics were established by the pope.* The missionary Odoric baptized no less than twenty thousand persons. In the fifteenth century the gospel was announced with great success among the people of Congo and Angola in Africa, and those of the Canary islands were all instructed in the faith. Five and twenty thousand Jews were also converted and a prodigious number of schismatics reclaimed by the preaching of St. Vincent Ferrier. At this period also a new era began to dawn, which was to be equally advantageous for the interests of commerce and the diffusion of the gospel. As the campaigns undertaken by the crusaders had prepared the way for the Dominicans, and for Franciscan fathers who have ever since the 14th century guarded the holy sepulchre and announced the faith to the neighboring people, so did the maritime passage to the Indies opened by the Portuguese merchants, and the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus and Vespucius, enlarge immensely the bounds of missionary enterprise. A few years after these memorable events in navigation, Ignatius and his companions offered their vows at Montmartre, and devoted themselves without reserve to the great work of announcing to heathen nations the saving truths of the gospel. Soon did the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel resound with the joyful tidings of salvation. It is computed that St. Francis Xavier alone preached the faith in fifty-two different provinces, and baptized a million of converts with his own hands in India and Japan. Nor were they converts who could be shaken in their belief by worldly considerations. As late as the year 1590, no less than twenty thousand of the faithful in Japan suffered death

* Dr. Spalding's Review of D'Aubigne, p. 366. Milner, End of Controv. octavo edit. p. 165, &c.

* For many of the facts which we have here enumerated, we may quote the authority of a recent work, *the History of Protestant Missions*, 2 vols. 4to. published by Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, &c., Boston; introduction, p. xviii, &c., where a brief and partial outline of missions in general has been drawn by the authors. Almost any one of the facts which they state regarding the missions of the Catholic church would, if related in full, show greater achievements for the cause of Christianity than all the efforts of the Protestant sects. St. Francis Xavier alone converted more infidels than all the powerful and complex machinery of the Protestant missionary establishments combined.

for the cause of their religion. In the same century was the gospel carried into Mexico, and from the year 1524 to 1540, six millions of the inhabitants were reclaimed from idolatry. South America also saw the heralds of the gospel approach her shores, and, though at first the blood of these devoted men flowed in torrents, their heroic perseverance ultimately realized the most splendid results. Thus was the church adding to her conquests in the new world, and doubly recruiting the numbers which were wrested from her by the Protestant reformation. Her indefatigable missionaries penetrated even into the Chinese empire. By the publication of scientific works on mathematical and astronomical subjects, Father Ricci and two other Jesuits acquired favor at the court of Pekin, and succeeded by this means in converting a great number to the Catholic faith. He was succeeded by Father Schall, who was appointed to several offices of distinction, and who made his influence and learning subservient only to the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. In the seventeenth century the Jesuits were aided by other religious orders in the propagation of the faith in China, and notwithstanding the persecutions which were occasionally raised against them, they spread the knowledge of Christianity over every portion of the empire. The same age also witnessed the return to Catholic unity of several schismatical patriarchs and archbishops in the east, with their respective clergy, while new missionaries of the Society of Jesus were bringing over to the faith the fierce tribes of North American Indians. The most astonishing labors were performed by them in Canada or New France, which, as in other parts of the world, not only rescued thousands from the errors of idolatry, but rendered the most important services to science and literature.* But the most admirable achievement in the cause of modern civilization and humanity, and equally honorable to religion, was the conversion of the wild inhabitants of Paraguay in South America, who, after having put to death many of the Jesuit fathers, at length yielded to the beneficent views of those holy men, and became models of Christian piety as well as of every social virtue. The Indians converted and civilized by the Jesuits in this district amounted to three hundred thousand, and the republic which they constituted, so justly called by Muratori *Christendom the blest*, endured for nearly one hundred and fifty years.* But we can not enter into details in this rapid outline of the missions which have been successively undertaken in the Catholic church; our object has been merely to link the past with the present, by way of introducing our readers to a view of the actual state of things.

All the missions were, as we have seen, in a most flourishing state during the eighteenth century. North and South America, China, the Indies, and the Levant, were crowded with men whose highest ambition was to serve their fellow creatures and introduce among them the knowledge of Christianity. But towards the close of this age, their labors received a severe shock and considerable interruption from the political disturbances which arose at that time among many nations of Europe, and which tended at once to destroy the facilities of communication with foreign countries and curtail the resources which were necessary for the outfit of the clergy. The suppression of several of the religious orders, whose members formed the chief portion of the missionary body, was likewise the cause of serious injury to the preaching of the gospel among the heathens. The dissolution of the Society of Jesus, particularly, can never be too much lamented, for the immense detriment which religion suffered from it in this respect. From the operation of these various influences the missions generally declined, at the period to which we have alluded, and remained in their less flourishing condition for nearly thirty years.

In the Levant, comprising the countries towards the east of the Mediterranean sea, the bishopric of Babylon became vacant for twenty years. Persia no longer heard the truths of the gospel; in the Archipelago, in Syria and at Constantinople, a few priests of the Congregation of the Mission, exercised the holy ministry under many disadvantages, while the war in Greece excited the animosity of the Ottoman government against the Christians, and subjected them to a fierce persecution.

* See Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. i. Democratic Review, 1844.

* See Chateaubriand, *Genie du Christianisme*, vol. iv; also Muratori, *Missions du Paraguay*, for an enchanting description of the wonders achieved by the Jesuits in South America.

In the interior of Asia, the labors of the missionaries presented rather a brighter aspect, sustained by the zeal of the Carmelites at Malabar, of the Capuchin fathers in Thibet, and of the Oratorians in Ceylon. But the magnificent achievements of St. Francis Xavier in Madura, owing to the want of sufficient protection, had fallen considerably from their ancient splendor, and were even distracted by the efforts of a schismatical faction, headed by an illegally constituted prelate.* Bengal had no episcopal see; but one bishop and six priests were employed in the district of Pondichery; on the other hand this immense region, partly fallen under the dominion of England, Holland and Denmark, was open in many directions to the emissaries of Protestantism. The Christians of the Indo-Chinese peninsula in Siam were served by a bishop and two missionaries. In the empire of Annam religion presented a more favorable aspect; four hundred thousand Catholics approached her altars, assisted by a numerous band of native clergy, and possessing houses of worship in all places of importance, with convents and schools for the pious education of youth. But the accession of Minh-Menh to the throne, already foreboded the dreadful persecution which the Christians in this part of the world would be doomed to suffer. Three vicars apostolic, with their coadjutors and several European priests, saw the storm gathering over their heads, and rejoiced in the anticipation of receiving the martyr's crown.

China, which for two hundred years had honored the priests of the new law with the highest rank among her savans and literati, now began to lose sight of the blessings which she had received from their learning and virtue. The time of proscription and persecution had arrived. In 1811, three churches were demolished at Pekin, and the only clergyman left was an aged Portuguese prelate. But the period of the greatest violence was from the year 1814 to 1820, when the bishop of Tabraca and Rev. Mr. Clet, with a large number of Christians, were put to death for the faith. Though the blood of these martyrs eventually gave fecundity to the soil which it bedewed, the immediate result of the persecution was a decrease in the number of the clergy and of the establishments intended to recruit them. The apostolic vicariate of Su-Tchuen had a bishop, with his coadjutor, one European priest, and several native clergymen. The other vicariates of Chan-si and Fo-kien had not suffered so materially; but with the vast territory which they comprised, and three hundred thousand neophytes scattered amidst a population of two hundred millions, it was impossible to attend every where to the wants of the faithful. Many districts were deprived of religious consolation, for the space of ten years.

If we pass from the eastern to the western hemisphere, the undertakings of missionary zeal will not present the most flattering prospects. In South America a vast proportion of the natives had been brought over to the church, and the country thickly settled with the professors of the true faith; many districts, however, had been shorn of their beautiful religious character by the suppression of the Jesuits. In Mexico, as in South America, the native population had commingled with the Catholic colonists, but in the remoter regions of the north, extensive tribes of Indians no longer received the consoling ministrations of the fathers who had instructed them in the mystery of redemption. Turn we to the United States; here religion was fettered in every way. Prior to the declaration of independence the disabilities and ill feeling which the Catholics had to suffer, caused a large number to fall away from the religion of their fathers; and even when the blessings of equal liberty were proclaimed for all the inhabitants of the united colonies, such was the trivial number of the clergy who served them, that it was impossible to prevent the defection of many from the true fold.* But, as our readers well know, this chosen vineyard was not neglected by the pastors of the church. An episcopal see was erected in 1790, and a coadjutor appointed in 1800. In the course of eight years the increasing number of the faithful induced the holy see to establish four other

* To apply a remedy to this evil, Gregory XVI, in the year 1838, suppressed the archbishopric of Cranganore, and the bishoprics of Cochin and St. Thomas of Meliapour, and subjected their territories to the jurisdiction of vicars apostolic. Religion is at present resuming her former possessions in those parts.

* Dr. England has ably developed this subject in a letter which will be found in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, March, 1838. He supposed at that time that the previous loss of Catholicity, both positive and negative, must have amounted to 3,000,000.

bishoprics, as suffragans to that of Baltimore. In 1822, the number of sees had increased to nine; though the prelates had to contend with innumerable difficulties in promoting the interests of the faith. Boston at that period numbered only eight priests, Cincinnati seven, and Charleston two.

Africa, at the commencement of the present century, had as yet afforded no reason to hope that her northern coasts would ever be recalled to the inestimable inheritance of the gospel. These were still held under barbarian rule, while the Portuguese establishments of Congo and Mozambique were declining, and the Catholic settlers at the Cape of Good Hope received no regular assistance.

At this same period the islands of the south sea were filling up with English transports, and adventurers from other climes. At Sandwich and Taïti Protestant missionaries had established themselves; and their labors proved a total failure. New Holland was visited by a priest in 1818; but that immense chain of islands which stretches across the Pacific ocean between the eastern and western continents, was still estranged from the blessings of Christianity.

Such was the languishing appearance of the missions during the first quarter of the present century. The amount of labor undergone and of good effected, had diminished in a great degree, owing to the causes already mentioned; but the spirit which had achieved the mightiest works, was ever alive in the breasts of the Catholic clergy, who were only awaiting the propitious moment for recruiting their forces, and returning with fresh and even increased ardor to the self-denying toils of their cherished apostleship. This happy result was now rapidly maturing. While numerous vocations for the distant missions began to manifest themselves, Divine Providence furnished more ample means of perfecting them and of conveying the laborers to their remote vineyard. The Seminary of Foreign Missions at Paris, which in 1822 had only twenty-eight members, now contains ninety-eight. The Lazarists have increased the number of their European missionaries from nine to one hundred and thirty; and the Society of Jesus is sending forth its members to every country of the globe. Other communities have also been established of late for the dissemination of religious truth, as the Redemptorists, the Passionists, the Oblates of Turin, who labor in the Birman empire; those of Marseilles, the Society of the Sacred Heart of Mary for the religious instruction of colored people, the Society of Picpus and the Marists, who, with others, have taken charge of the southern archipelago. Besides these various sources of missionary life, we must mention the seminary established by the Capuchins at Rome, in 1841, that of Drumcondra near Dublin, and the college of the Propaganda in the eternal city. But we reserve for the sequel the remarks which we have to offer in relation to the seminaries and funds which form the present resources of the missions, that we may pass at once to an exposition of their actual and flourishing condition.

1. *Europe.*—It is well known how Catholicity has advanced in Great Britain within the last twenty years. Innumerable conversions have taken place, and churches are rising on every side in England and Scotland. In Sweden the aspect of religious affairs has improved, while in Russia and Denmark the clergy are actively engaged in the discharge of their functions. Norway has not yet opened the way for the introduction of our missionaries. Protestantism here, as well as in Sweden and Denmark, displays the most violent spirit against those who embrace the ancient faith. In the south Catholicity has raised its temples, at Athens, Patros, and many other cities of the Levant, and has obtained a stronger hold in Servia, Moldavia and Vallachia. At Constantinople, particularly, a new impulse has been given to religion by a proper ecclesiastical organization, and the various institutions that have been established for the benefit of the faithful. The Lazarists have opened a college where sixty young men are instructed in the usual branches of a liberal education, while the brothers of the Christian schools have three hundred pupils under their charge, and the Sisters of Charity, devoted to the care of the sick and to elementary education, are assiduously occupied in alleviating the sufferings of their fellow creatures and in training to virtue the youthful heart. Their pupils are four hundred and fifty in number. The heroic actions of these charitable ladies have struck the followers of Mahomet with admiration, and led them to ask if they were not superhuman beings. With these general

remarks, we shall proceed to the statistics of the European missions, omitting here as elsewhere the particular notice of those countries which altogether, or in a great measure, are inhabited by Catholics.

England is divided into eight vicariates apostolic,* one of which has a coadjutor. The number of priests is six hundred and fifty-four, with upwards of five hundred churches, eight colleges, twenty-three conventual houses, and a Catholic population exceeding one million.

Scotland is under the charge of three vicars apostolic, with seventy-two churches, one hundred and ten priests, one college, two seminaries, and upwards of one hundred thousand Catholics.

In Sweden, whence the true faith was banished by Gustavus Vasa, a few clergymen are striving to diffuse the blessings of religion as far as the severe restrictions of the laws will permit. They have been allowed to enter the country only since the year 1785. It is under the jurisdiction of a vicar apostolic, who has two priests to labor with him, one church, and a spiritual flock of about two thousand souls.

The mission of Denmark comprises Holstein and the neighboring islands. The Catholic religion is merely tolerated, and it is forbidden by the laws to embrace it. This mission is governed by a vicar apostolic, with seven clergymen, seven churches, and three thousand Catholics.

In the low countries Catholicity presents a very flourishing aspect. Notwithstanding the long persecution which it had to sustain in the last two centuries, a large portion of the inhabitants remained steadfast in the faith. In Holland, within eight years past, at least fifty new churches have been erected. In the Genevalty nearly all are Catholics. The ecclesiastical administration is confided to five vicars apostolic, and the number of Catholics one million three hundred and five thousand.

The church in the Swiss confederacy is under the charge of four bishops, and has a Catholic population of eight hundred and eighty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.

* A vicariate apostolic is a district which, though possessing no episcopal see, is under the spiritual charge of a bishop, whose title is derived from some bishopric which was formerly governed by a Catholic prelate, but is now under the control of infidels. For this reason, the name of his see is accompanied with the words, *in partibus infidelium*, in an infidel country.

The vicariate apostolic of Gibralter, an English settlement, numbers ten priests and thirteen thousand Catholics.

The Ionian islands are divided between the archbishopric of Corfu and the bishopric of Zante, and the clergy, twenty-six in number, are laboring with zeal to promote the interests of religion. The Catholic population does not exceed three thousand.

The kingdom of Greece is under the jurisdiction of an archbishop and three bishops, with one hundred and ninety-two churches, one hundred and sixty-two priests, and a Catholic population of twenty-five thousand.

In the apostolic vicariate of Bosnia, which is very flourishing, there are one hundred and forty-four clergymen and about one hundred and twenty-nine thousand Catholics.

The principalities of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, which are tributary to the Ottoman empire, are under the charge of one archbishop and two vicars apostolic, with thirty-eight clergymen and a Catholic population of seventy-four thousand.

Turkey in Europe comprises, besides the mission of Bosnia, already mentioned, ten ecclesiastical divisions, with as many bishops, and one hundred and ninety thousand Catholics.

In the Russian empire the Catholic religion is harassed by vexations of every kind, and a few years since a great defection took place in the ranks of the Polish Catholics under the Russian sway; but it appears that the three millions who passed over to the schismatical church, were not actuated by religious motives so much as externally forced by persecution to conform to its rites, as they have recently sought again the bosom of Catholic unity. The number of Catholics in Russia proper is five millions nine hundred and ninety thousand, under the charge of seven prelates and a numerous clergy.

The missions of the Germanic states, which at the time of the reformation were almost wholly infected with the new errors, are principally supported by the liberal foundation of Dr. Fuestenberg, bishop of Paderborn and Munster, in 1682. He left five hundred thousand imperiali for this purpose. This is the origin of the Ferdinandian endowment, by which the northern missions of Germany are sustained. This country is subject to the

jurisdiction of three vicars apostolic, and has a Catholic population of fifteen millions.

Besides the missions above mentioned, Europe contains an additional Catholic population of about one hundred and fifteen millions, under the jurisdiction of five hundred and sixty bishops, which will carry the total number of Catholics in Europe to nearly one hundred and forty millions, and the number of bishops to upwards of six hundred.

II. *Asia.*— The conflicts of the church in Europe are principally with the emissaries of heresy; in Asia her missionaries have to encounter chiefly the influence of Islamism, and the superstitious doctrines of Brahminism and Buddhism, with the hatred which they bear to the Christian name.

The solicitude of the church has always been directed in a peculiar manner to the western portion of Asia, which is hallowed by so many precious recollections. There is found the cradle of the human race; there was the miraculous vocation of the chosen people accomplished. On this soil too did the Redeemer of mankind manifest himself to the world, proclaim the consoling truths of his gospel, shed his blood for our redemption, and commence the foundations of that glorious fabric which is to weather the storms of ages, till it pass to its final perfection in the eternal kingdom. Ever since the middle ages have Catholic clergymen sought to revive the Christian faith in this venerated country, whence it had been banished by the Mahometan arms, and if the obstacles have been numerous and great, their laborious zeal has not faltered before the difficulties of the enterprise. Idolatry still survives in the mysteries of the Druses; the errors of the Gnostics have still some followers in Mesopotamia; Nestorianism yet occupies some of its posts; half the population of Armenia and Chaldea profess the Eutychian errors, while the Greek schism counts many episcopal sees, Protestantism is circulating its tracts, and the Mahometan powers reign supreme. But despite these appalling obstacles, the Catholic spirit may be traced every where in the excellent institutions which have been established in this region, for the purposes of enlightening the people and reclaiming them from the paths of error. The formation of schools has been an object of particular attention among the missionaries. This district, which has a Catholic population of about eight hundred thousand, may be comprehended under five divisions.

1. Archbishopric of Smyrna and apostolic vicariate of Asia Minor, which embraces nearly all of Anatolia, and has two colleges, an institution of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and another under the Sisters of Charity. These two last afford the blessings of a religious education to seven hundred children. Forty priests are engaged in the mission.

2. Bishopric of Chio, with about four hundred Catholics, one bishop and eleven clergymen. The Capuchins have a hospital.

3. Bishopric of Farmagousta in the island of Cyprus. Here there is a hospital, and six villages of Maronite Catholics are served by a prelate and several native priests.

4. The Holy Land. The guard of the holy places is confided to the brothers minor, or Franciscans, whose superior, with the title of Most Rev. Guardian, has jurisdiction over a hundred clergymen of different convents, who serve the Catholics in their respective residences, eleven thousand in number. They are assisted by thirty-eight secular priests, and conduct two colleges with four hundred pupils. Other religious orders are also engaged in this mission. The Carmelites have a hospital at the chief seat of their labors; the Capuchins have several stations; the Jesuits have a college at Beyrouth, and the Lazarists have four missionary stations, where they have opened a college and several schools.

5. Vicariate apostolic of Aleppo and Delegation of Libanus. The immediate jurisdiction of the vicar in this district extends to about one thousand Catholics; but he is also the delegate of the holy see to the eastern patriarchates, of different rites, but in communion with the centre of Catholic unity. 1. The *Maronites*, numbering about five hundred thousand, under the charge of the patriarch of Antioch, under whom are seven archbishops and two bishops, with eleven hundred priests. They have three hundred and twenty churches, one hundred and nine convents, many of which possess printing-presses for the circulation of good books, five patriarchal seminaries and numerous diocesan colleges. What is most admirable in this mission is the exact observance of religious duty; all the Catholics complying with the precepts of the church. 2. The *Greek Melchites*, or those Catholics who follow

the Greek rite, under a patriarch with the title of Antioch, and the jurisdiction of Jerusalem and Alexandria. This district embraces twelve diocesses, with a Catholic population of fifty thousand. 3. The *Syrians,* who use their own language in the liturgy, about thirty thousand in number, and distributed through five bishoprics, which are under the jurisdiction of a patriarch, who also derives his title from Antioch. 4. The *Armenians,* forty thousand in number, under the patriarch of Cilicia.

5. Bishopric of Babylon, which has jurisdiction over a part of Arabia, all Mesopotamia and Persia. The Catholics of the Latin rite, under the Chaldean patriarch of Babylon, do not exceed one thousand; but those of the Chaldean nation amount to fifteen thousand, the small remnant of a people who, in 1826, numbered one hundred and twenty thousand Catholics, but since that period reduced by civil war, famine and pestilence, to its present condition.

In Persia a mission has been opened at Djulfa; the Carmelites have an establishment at Bagdad, and there is a school at Tauris. The number of Catholics in Persia and its provinces may be computed at fifty thousand. Recent events have disturbed the peaceful duties of the missionaries in this country, though it is probable that these difficulties will not be of long duration.

In the central parts of Asia, comprising Asiatic Russia, Tartary and India, paganism reigns in all the variety of its errors and observances; but nothing has been able to check the spirit of the Catholic missionary. There are numerous Armenians in Russia professing our holy faith, though suffering from the severity of the laws. The Polish exiles who have been transported thither, and the one hundred and thirty priests of the united Greek church who have shared their fate on account of their firm attachment to the true religion, may be the means of widely disseminating the knowledge and practice of Catholicity in this vast region. India, formerly the seat of the flourishing mission established by St. Francis Xavier, is reviving rapidly from the state which we have already noticed. It is distributed into seven apostolic vicariates, viz: those of Thibet and Hindostan, Bengal, Bombay, Madras, Pondichery, Ceylon and Malabar, and contains a Catholic population of seven hundred and fifty-eight thousand, with six hundred and sixteen priests, and five hundred and thirty-eight churches. Several religious orders are engaged in these missions. The Jesuits have founded a flourishing college at Calcutta, and are actively employed in preaching the truths of religion. There is a college also at Madras.

We have now to consider that portion of Asia which is involved in moral darkness of a still deeper hue than exists in any other section of this immense region. Here idolatry has its strongest holds, and is exhibited in its utmost developments. It has assumed a scientific form in the doctrines of Buddhism, and with the elements of civilization which it has retained, a most formidable barrier has been presented to the progress of Christianity. When in addition to these obstacles the storm of persecution broke out in the kingdoms of Tong-King and Cochin-China, there was every reason to apprehend that all trace of religion would be obliterated from the country. But in the midst of these severe trials, the purity of the Catholic faith and the fervor of primitive piety have shone forth in all their lustre. The faithful have been summoned before the pagan tribunals, and have confessed their religion with a firmness, and bowed their necks to the executioner with a heroism worthy of the brightest periods of Christianity. Upwards of one hundred and twenty have laid down their lives in the kingdom of Tonk-King alone within the last twenty years. Many clergymen have also received the crown of martyrdom. In Corea also has the flame of persecution arisen, and the Catholic missionaries are announcing the truths of salvation, with the sword suspended over their head. In other parts they encounter fewer difficulties. The establishment of a missionary college at Pulo-Pinang, the increased number of vicars apostolic, the organization of schools, and the ardor which is so generally manifested by the clergy to labor on these shores, are all evidences of the success which heaven bestows upon the noble undertaking. The island of Hong-Kong is covered with pious and charitable institutions; and the recent entrance which the British arms have forced into the Celestial empire, will be likely to prepare the way for the general diffusion of the gospel. The whole of eastern Asia may be divided into India beyond the Ganges

and China. The former embraces six ecclesiastical districts.

1. The vicariate apostolic of Ava and Pegu, under the charge of twelve Piedmontese Oblates and Barnabites, has been recently established, and numbers about three thousand Catholics.

2. The vicariate apostolic of western Siam, which has a Catholic population of eight thousand souls, with eighteen priests, several conventual houses, a college and a free school.

3. The vicariate apostolic of eastern Siam, which contains nineteen thousand Catholics, under the care of a bishop and one hundred and seventy-nine priests.

4. The vicariate apostolic of western Tong-King, with a Catholic population of one hundred and eighty thousand. In this district, one bishop and many native priests have been put to death for the faith within a few years. Most of the chapels, one thousand two hundred in number, have been destroyed by the persecution, and the inmates of two colleges and forty convents have been dispersed. The last three vicariates are confided to the seminary of foreign missions at Paris.

5. The vicariate apostolic of eastern Tong-King, which is under the charge of the Spanish Dominicans, has a Catholic population of one hundred and seventy thousand, fifty-three priests, two colleges and twenty-five convents. The last mentioned have been dispersed by the persecuting policy of the government, which has also put to death for the faith three bishops and seven priests. In the year 1838, the number of baptisms on this mission, was nearly six thousand, and upwards of forty-seven thousand approached the holy communion.

6. The vicariate apostolic of Cochin-China, under the charge of the seminary of foreign missions at Paris, has likewise suffered much from the violent opposition that has been raised against the preaching of the gospel. In the late persecution, beginning in 1833, twenty persons, many of them were priests, received the palm of martyrdom. Four hundred chapels, two colleges and twenty conventual houses were destroyed at the same time. The mission is served by forty priests, and has a Catholic population of eighty thousand.

In the Celestial empire, religion is subject to many vexations, but its progress is steady and most consoling. It is distributed into three bishoprics and ten apostolic vicariates.

1. The bishoprics are those of Macao, Nankin and Pekin, which possess a Catholic population of one hundred and fifty thousand, with seventy-eight priests, three colleges and a seminary. Three hundred adults are annually baptized in the diocess of Macao.

2. The vicariates are those of Tche-Kiang and Kiang-Si, Xansi, Hon-Quang, Fo-Kien, Su-Tchuen, Xan-Tung, Leao-Tong, Mongolia, Yun-Nan, and Corea, in all of which the number of Catholics is about 200,000. In Corea a bishop, with two priests, was martyred in 1839. In the vicariate of Su-Tchuen there are two colleges, fifty schools for boys and eighty for girls, several convents, and about three hundred adults are annually admitted into the church.

III. *Africa.* In this land of malediction, the star of truth has arisen with every prospect of gaining the ascendant which it possessed in the primitive days of Christianity. Several new missionary stations have been established within a few years past, and the Almighty has rewarded the zeal of his laborers with an abundant harvest. This country is distributed into seven ecclesiastical districts.

1. Bishopric of Algiers, a French colony, where the Catholic faith is daily making new conquests. It is under the care of a bishop, with sixty-six priests, fifty churches, eighteen schools and charitable institutions, and one hundred and thirty thousand Catholics.

2. The apostolic prefectures of Tunis and Tripoli,* under the charge of the Capuchins and Franciscans, have a Catholic population of nearly eight thousand.

3. The prefecture apostolic of Abyssinia, where the number of Catholics is very small. The inhabitants were all members of the true church in the fourth century, but fell away afterwards into the heresy of Eutyches. In the 16th century, about one hundred and fifty thousand were converted to the Catholic faith, which a bloody persecution subsequently banished from among them. A very favorable disposition is now manifested to enter the pale of Catholic unity.

4. Vicariate apostolic of Egypt for the Latins, the jurisdiction of which extends over Lower

* A prefect apostolic is a priest who is empowered by the pope to exercise many of the episcopal functions in the district placed under his jurisdiction.

and Upper Egypt and Arabia. Of this latter country we know little. The reformed Minors have several stations in Upper Egypt, and a hospital at Cairo.

5. Vicariate apostolic of the Copts, who are the only remnant of the ancient Egyptians, and profess the Eutychian heresy. About fifteen thousand have been converted to the Catholic faith, and are served by thirty priests.

6. In the island of Mauritius there is a vicar apostolic, with a Catholic population of eighty-five thousand.

7. Vicariate apostolic of Guinea, which embraces Liberia. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Barron, late vicar general of Philadelphia, has charge of this district, and is assisted by twenty priests. The natives manifest a favorable disposition, and many of them regularly attend the instructions of their teachers.

8. Vicariate apostolic of the Cape of Good Hope, which has a few churches and a Catholic population of about three thousand.

Besides the above mentioned missionary countries, the Catholic church possesses many bishoprics and numerous flocks along the coast of Africa and in the adjacent islands, containing about nine hundred and ninety-three thousand souls, which with the statements previously given, will make the Catholic population of all Africa amount to one million two hundred and thirty-four thousand.

IV. *America.* In turning our eyes upon these favored shores, which were called to the mystic supper from beyond the ocean-paths, when other nations had rejected the invitation of the heavenly Spouse, the most cheering prospect strikes our view. Here, if we except the countries that Catholicity has wholly collected under her standard, she has on the one hand to contend against the errors of Protestantism, on the other, to reclaim from ignorance and degradation the wandering tribes of the forest; and that she is successful in this two-fold mission, must be obvious even to the most superficial observer. The missions of the western continent may be divided into two principal groups, those of the English possessions and those of the United States, to which we will add the republic of Texas and the Dutch colonies.

1. The English possessions comprehend, first, the bishoprics of Kingston and Toronto in Upper Canada, and those of Charlottetown in Prince Edward's island, and Halifax in Nova Scotia, with the apostolic vicariates of Hudson Bay and Newfoundland; all in the north, with a Catholic population of about three hundred and forty thousand, more than thirty thousand of whom are converts from the Indian tribes. The clergy, about one hundred and fifty in number, serve two hundred and twenty churches, and with the aid of two seminaries, three colleges, and fifty-six schools, dispense among the people the blessings of a good education, and train the candidates for the sanctuary in the knowledge and virtues of their state. As an evidence of the flourishing condition of these missions, we will mention that in 1832 there were but three priests in Newfoundland, where now there are twenty-five. Secondly, in the south are the vicariates apostolic of Jamaica, Trinidad and Demerara, which contain a Catholic population of two hundred and seventy-six thousand, more than two-thirds of whom are in Trinidad and its dependencies.

2. The missions of the United States, though obliged, as we have observed, to contend with many difficulties, the principal of which are the unceasing efforts of the various Protestant sects, and a general deficiency in the numbers of the clergy, are characterized by a steady and increasing prosperity. In the year 1800, but one episcopal see had been erected in this immense territory, which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, while the number of priests was about thirty. In 1822 eight new bishoprics had been formed; one more was added in 1831, when the number of the clergy amounted to two hundred and thirty-two. At this day, as we learn from the Catholic Almanac for 1845, the United States are distributed into twenty-one diocesses and one vicariate apostolic, that of Oregon, with twenty-six prelates, about seven hundred priests, and a Catholic population amounting to nearly one million two hundred thousand! * The other departments of the church have advanced in a corresponding ratio, and as no subject can be supposed to possess greater interest in the eyes of our readers than the condition of religion in our own happy country, we shall mention here some further particulars, which

*It is estimated by Bishop Rosati, in the *Annale delle Scienze Religiose*, 1842, at 1,500,000; but the official returns, as furnished by the Almanac, do not authorize a computation exceeding that which we have given.

are taken from the publication just referred to. The number of churches in the United States is six hundred and seventy-five, and divine service is also performed occasionally at five hundred and ninety-two other stations. Twenty-two ecclesiastical institutions have been established for the education of aspirants to the sanctuary, two hundred and twenty in number. In the course of thirty-seven years, twenty-six literary institutions have been founded for young men, and sixty-three for young ladies. The first of these female academies, since the declaration of our independence, was that of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, in 1809. The number of colleges, properly so called, is fifteen; elementary schools are very numerous. It appears from the Almanac that, within the last ten years, the number of diocesses, colleges and seminaries, has nearly doubled itself, while the number of priests has exceeded this proportion, and that of the churches has increased almost in the ratio of three to one. Eighteen Catholic periodicals are published in the country, eleven of which appear every week, and three every month. Add to this that the church of the United States enjoys that perfect freedom in its operations, which enables its prelates to assemble triennially in provincial council, and to exhibit in the eyes of the Catholic world a continuation of those legislative forms, which have marked the progress of Christianity from the earliest ages to the present day.

But the spirit of Catholic charity is witnessed not only in the civilized portions of the United States; the fierce and untutored savages that inhabit our western and northern wilds, share largely the solicitude of our missionaries. At Indian Old Town and Pleasant Point, in Maine, there is a small remnant of the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes, whose religious instruction is carefully attended to. In Michigan and Wisconsin flourishing stations have been formed at different points, among the Ottoway and Chippeway Indians, and also among those of the Menomoni and Winebago tribes. The clergy of Iowa are also laboring with zeal to convert the Sioux, who have evinced the most favorable dispositions. If we extend our course west, into the Indian territory, we behold a tribe of Pottowatomies, twelve hundred in number, under the charge of the Jesuits, and models of Christian piety and regularity. The same admirable results are witnessed among the savages of the Rocky Mountains; the Flat-head nation have been converted to the faith, and the erection of Oregon into an apostolic vicariate, with the increased number of laborers who have repaired to this distant region, promises additional achievements of the same consoling character.

3. The apostolic vicariate of Texas contains about twenty thousand Catholics, sparsely scattered over the country. The missionaries, eight in number, labor with incredible zeal in surmounting the many difficulties of their position, and their efforts are crowned with success. Several new churches have been erected, old ones have been reclaimed, numerous conversions have taken place, and there is every prospect of a rich spiritual harvest in that beautiful country, which is just recovering from the shock of war.

4. The Dutch possessions in South America are divided into two apostolic vicariates, those of Surinam and Curaçao, the former of which has a Catholic population of eight thousand souls, and the latter about thirty-six thousand.

If we add to the districts which have been enumerated, the remaining portions of America and the West Indies, in which the Catholic religion is firmly established, we shall have a total, for the new world, of eighty-three bishoprics or vicariates, and twenty-four millions seven hundred and sixty thousand Catholics.

V. *Oceanica.*—Under this name is comprehended that southern chain which binds together the eastern and western continents, and which embraces the largest islands in the world. The seventy millions of men who inhabit these regions, exhibit all the intellectual shades of the human race, as well as all the varieties of infidelity, to which may be added that novel species of social degradation which has been created by the British government at Botany Bay and Norfolk island. Over most of these distant and isolated regions the light of truth had not, twenty-five years ago, shed a solitary ray; but the time has arrived when the word of the prophet is to be still further accomplished, and a sign, the emblem of salvation, is displayed to the view of the islands afar off. Our account of them, though brief, will show that they have hailed this sign with joy, and that the cross of Christ numbers among the inhabitants of these remote countries, some of its

most staunch and fervent adherents. Oceanica embraces the following ecclesiastical divisions:

1. The vicariate apostolic of Batavia, comprising Java and Sumatra, whence the Catholic religion, originally introduced by the Portuguese, was for two centuries banished by the Dutch arms. It has a Catholic population of about ten thousand.

2. The archbishopric of Sydney, embracing New Holland, and having for its suffragans the bishoprics of Hobart-town, in Van Dieman's island, and Adelaide in S. Australia. This division was made in consequence of the rapid progress of Catholicity in these countries. In 1820 they had as yet no altar on which the clean oblation was offered; at present a magnificent cathedral overlooks the town of Sydney, and the mission of the three districts presents a Catholic population of fifty thousand souls, with fifty-six priests, twenty-five chapels, thirty-one schools, and a seminary for the education of clergymen.

3. The three apostolic vicariates of western, central and eastern Polynesia. In the first mentioned district, which comprises the islands of New Zealand, Wallis and others, and where a Catholic mission was commenced only in 1838, the progress of religion has been truly extraordinary. Several thousands of the natives have been baptized, and about forty thousand were at the last accounts preparing for the same sacrament. All the inhabitants of Wallis, two thousand five hundred in number, have been admitted into the church, and it is said that the people here were the most vicious and degraded of all the southern isles, before they were instructed in the faith. The same brilliant success attends the labors of the missionaries in central and eastern Polynesia which embrace the Sandwich and Gambier islands, and all that lie between the one hundredth degree of east longitude and the American continent. At Sandwich five thousand of the natives were converted to the Catholic church in the course of one year. The whole number of converts in Polynesia is about seventy thousand, who are served by fifty priests, with twenty-nine churches and numerous schools; and all this despite the furious efforts of Protestant ministers in those parts, by violence and misrepresentation, to arrest the progress of Catholicity.

Besides the missionary countries in Oceanica, which we have just enumerated, the church numbers about three millions and fifty thousand of her children in the Philippine and other islands, where the Spaniards have extensively diffused the blessings of civilization and Christianity. To sum up the principal data that have been presented in the course of this article, and which have been gathered from the most authentic sources, the Catholic population of the world will amount to one hundred and seventy-three millions three hundred and fifty-four thousand; and the number of bishoprics or vicariates to eight hundred and five, seventy-nine of which have been established since the commencement of the present century.

Our space will not permit us to enter into any further details on this interesting subject. We intended to connect with the preceding observations, a sketch of the principal ecclesiastical institutions which supply the Catholic missions with useful laborers, and of the pecuniary resources on which they are mainly dependent; but we must reserve for another occasion the exposition of topics so pleasing and edifying. We are confident, too, that the statistical information which we have furnished, will suffice to awaken in every Catholic heart a lively feeling of self-congratulation at the onward and victorious career of our holy faith, as well as a still deeper conviction of its heavenly origin, and of the special protection which it receives from the divine Author of Christianity. It is truly a source of proud reflection to the Catholic to know, that the church of which he is a member has never ceased to fulfil the high mission originally confided to the apostles: "Go, teach all nations." We have beheld her, in the successive lapse of ages, passing from city to city, from nation to nation, from continent to continent, and successfully rallying under the banner of the cross and at the foot of the same altar, people of every clime and the most antagonistic in every social, moral and intellectual feature. This too has she accomplished, and still accomplishes, in defiance of the most furious opposition of infidelity and heresy under all their various forms; and, what is plainly indicative of her combating and triumphing in the cause of truth, is the exact similarity between her victories at the present day, and those which were achieved

by the apostles and their immediate successors. Her soldiers, in the first place, are the lineal descendants of the militant bands that fought in the earliest and brightest days of Christianity; her armor is the sword of the word, the truth that has survived the storms and the ruins of eighteen centuries; her tact is the unblemished life, the devoted charity, the self-denying labors of her missionaries, who go forth to conquer, but to save; to diffuse among every people the blessings of civilization and to awaken in every bosom the hopes of eternal happiness, and who prove at once the authenticity of their mission and the heaven-born spirit that animates them, by the heroic and superhuman, yet calm and joyful sacrifice at the stake. We hear one of these apostles declaring that, in the course of a single excursion among the savages of Oceanica, fifteen thousand were converted to the true faith; another, a few years after his landing upon an island of cannibals, writes to a friend across the mighty expanse of waters, that he now lives in the midst of a Catholic country; a third proclaims the gladdening news that within four months upwards of two thousand idolaters were regenerated at the sacred font of baptism, reminding us of St. Francis Xavier, whose arms fell from exhaustion while, in the short space of thirty days, he poured the sanctifying waters upon ten thousand inhabitants of Travancor. But this is not all; if the great apostle of the gentiles could recount the multiplied sufferings to which his ministry subjected him, his brethren of the present day may speak in the same eloquent and thrilling language. There is not a region on the face of the earth, where they cannot say with truth, "our life is passed 'in perils from our own nation, in perils from the gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren; in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.'" * Every continent of the known world exhibits the spectacle of generous confessors, whose actions speak to us in these impressive tones, while they are braving every danger for the sake of Christ crucified; and there is more than one distant land where it might be added, "in prisons frequently, in stripes above measure, in deaths often;" for we still witness in the Catholic church a people of martyrs bowing their necks with joy under the axe of the executioner. The sentiments which all this should inspire will readily present themselves to our readers; and they will no doubt acknowledge, in a spirit of thanksgiving, that the prophetic word is hastening to its full accomplishment: "All the nations thou hast made shall come and adore before thee, O Lord; and they shall glorify thy name." †

W.

* 2 Cor. xi. † Psalm lxxxv.

THE EPIPHANY.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

SHUT from thy heart the world with all
Its agony of cares,
Nor for a single thought recall
Its hopes and doubts and fears,
And treacherous ills, like fires around,
Upbursting through volcanic ground—
Dangers unknown beneath us spread—
Uncertainty where'er we tread;
And leave these scenes, and, better far,
Directed by yon missioned star
That shines with God's own mercy through
The silent firmament of blue,
Enter we, reverently and slowly,
Into this temple pure and holy,

Whose towers with true religious pride
Look out upon Patapsco's tide,
And tell of days when CALVERT came
And gave to freedom holier fame,
Defining no proscriptive plan
Between him and his brother man;
But calling from beyond the wave
Alike the freeman and the slave,
To share the land, to bend the knee,
In title true—in conscience free.
Enter we here and hail the birth
Of the meek Saviour of the earth,
Who, sinless, bears our sin and shame,
Our nature, suffering and name,
That, in the blood of Jesus died,
God's judgment should be justified,
That a divine atonement thus
Appease the Deity to us!
Oh, wondrous harmony of plan
To reinherit rebel man!
Hush! look not up! but list and think,
And let thy soul enthusiast drink
The living founts of music oped,
And downward pour'd, from heavenly bowers,
To sing the birth of all we hoped,
And sooth this wounded world of ours,
And feel them in their tuneful flowing,
Glory and love and life bestowing.

It is a hallowed hour! the place
Hath lost locality of scene,
Translated by associate grace,
Alike mysterious and serene:
The very air seemeth to give
To mind a mood contemplative.
Oh, God! to whom my thoughts leap up
With homeward impulse—thoughts that long
Have reckless leaned on rebel hope,
And done thee many a rebel wrong—
Thoughts that have dared through many a day,
Presumptuous in their weakness only,
To tread the path that led astray,
Full knowing it through error lay,
Reckless though lost, and proud though lonely,
So lost, that but to climb the air
And see thy mercy shining there
Was but a more prolonged despair—
Deign but, unchanged, to bless this change,
And give my faith a loftier range,
A freer flight of way till, furled
Beside the flow of Siloa's spring,
Forgetful of this sinful world,
It rests at last its wandering wing!

Thus trained to think and thinking trained
To feel and know the love of God,
Remain not as we long remained,
Nor tread as we too oft have trod,

Let us acceptably express
Our sorrow and our thankfulness.

The eye of faith for ever bright—
Which seeth not as mortal sight,
But far beyond the jealous night
Views realms of life and love—
Can in the spirit here behold
The Magi—Persia's seers of old,
With myrrh and frankincense and gold—
Can view the star above
That led to Him, the heaven-adored,
The Saviour—the Incarnate Word—
The way, the truth, the life, the Lord,
The one, embodied love.

Ye who from Persian valleys fair,
Where roses bright and odors rare
In richness steep the drowsy air,
These worship-offerings bring,
How blest of all the Gentiles, ye,
Thus chosen messengers to be:
Thus face to face to know and see
Your Saviour, God and King:
To see of whom, by David's lyre,
Ye've heard and hoped with deep desire,
Through many an anxious hour;
To witness thus the Saviour child,
The humble, merciful and mild,
Assuming sin, yet undefiled—
Humility and power!

But let us pause! our words imply
Complaint that we too stood not by
Jesus to see with mortal's eye,
As saw the Magi then;
Let us the rather grateful be
That we, unworthy, live to see
Repose beneath the Christian tree
A universe of men;
That we behold his law go forth
From east to west, from south to north,
His altars built throughout the earth—
Jesus through earth adored;
And hear a world redeemed proclaim
At morn and eve his holy name!
And let us pray that when again
He comes in majesty and power
And awe, to judge the sons of men,
We like the Magi meet that hour,
With myrrh and frankincense and gold,
Not from the mine nor from the bower,
But from the spirit.
Lord! unfold—
For with and of thee is the grace
By which alone are souls restored
To meet thee in thy holy place—
The spirit of thy holy Word,
That it may glorify thee here
And fit us for thy dwelling there.

NOTICE OF THE MOST REV. AMBROSE MARECHAL,

THIRD ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

BY M. C. JENKINS.

NO other country in Europe are these United States more indebted than to France for the establishment and propagation of the Catholic religion within their borders. Even anteriorly to our revolution the foot-prints of the French missionary might have been traced in blood, through the immense wilds which then stretched from the frozen regions of Labrador to the sunny soil of Louisiana. Little indeed is known to us of the early history of the savages that peopled the vast plains which lie beyond the western base of our Alleghanies, save what we may learn from the writings of those pious French fathers who toiled and labored through that vast extent for their social improvement and eternal salvation. That their labors were not unavailing, is shown by the conversion of many northern tribes, as well as by the testimony which even Protestants accord to their zeal and success.

"On the Mississippi," says J. K. Paulding, "at Detroit, Montreal, and Quebec, are still to be seen the few and solitary examples of white men and Indians having lived in near neighborhood and constant intercourse with each other, without that sad and apparently mysterious result which every where else on this great continent has followed the association; I mean the slow and sure extinction of the latter. Much of this is owing to courtesy, much to the sober habits of the French, *and much more, perhaps, to the influence of a religion which, though often calumniated, exercises a dominion over the minds of untutored savages, at least far more powerful, and permit us to say, far more salutary, than has hitherto resulted from the influence of any other.*" *

But not only does the Indian that roamed our forests owe a debt of gratitude to the zealous priests whom France has cast upon our shores. The Catholic whose fathers sought upon this soil the repose of conscience denied them in their native land, must acknowledge gratefully and cordially that to none are they more beholden for their spiritual comforts, than to those same edifying and disinterested clergymen, whom God in his goodness has allowed at such frequent intervals to domicile among us and minister to our wants. The names of the venerable Cheverus, Dubourg, Flaget, David, Dubois, Bruté, Nagot, Tessier, Badin, and numerous others, are eminently identified with the history of Catholicity in the United States. If with this catalogue of good and great ecclesiastics we connect the name of the Most Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, third archbishop of Baltimore, it is incumbent on us to add that, while his station in the church was more exalted than that of some among them, like them all, his life was full of usefulness, his virtues eminent, and his labors many and conspicuous. We much regret, indeed, that the task of sketching his ecclesiastical career has not fallen to some one more competent than ourselves to execute it; feeling, as we do, our inadequacy to accomplish the undertaking in a satisfactory manner. We are conscious how deeply his memory is still cherished in Baltimore and throughout his diocess, how many still live to bless his name, how vividly his good works are still beaming in the recollections of his flock, and knowing these things, we would willingly resign our charge to abler hands.

This amiable and distinguished prelate, according to his accomplished biographer in the Catholic Almanac of 1836, was born at Orleans, in France, in the year 1768. His parents, who were highly respectable, placed him early in life at one of the best colleges in France, where he labored assiduously at his studies, and completed his classical course with credit and distinction. While yet a student, he was remarkable for his piety and exemplary conduct, and upon the close of his collegiate education, manifested an ardent

* The Eve of St. Andrew.—*Atlantic Souvenir*, 1831.

desire of embracing the clerical profession. His parents, however, were grieved at a choice which would have severed them from the society of one so dutiful and accomplished, and acquiescing in their anxious wishes, he waived his own preferences, and entered upon the study of the civil law. He completed his course in this department of science with all the success that might have been expected from one who, with steadiness and piety, combined quickness of parts and great application. But still he felt that his original purposes and desires had undergone no change: his inclination, in spite of the bent which parental affection would fondly have given it, still urged him on to the clerical profession. When he had finished his legal course, as he took pleasure in repeating in after life, he felt his first impulse revive with irresistible force, and judged that a preference which had withstood so many assaults of temptation and contradiction, and which the reciprocal ties of parental and filial affection could not alter or remove, must indeed be a monition from heaven, which he could no longer disregard. Accordingly he entered upon a course of ecclesiastical studies, and pursued them with a success which, throughout his after life, gave him a high rank among the theologians of his own and adopted country. To one who was not actuated purely by the love of God and his neighbor, the adoption of the ecclesiastical state in France at the time it was embraced by our meek and learned hierarch, must have been a fearful and almost an impossible event. The horrors of fanaticism had darkened the political sky of France, and every where throughout her beautiful domain there was now a scene of confusion, anarchy and bloodshed. Yet amid all this havoc and dismay, France had her saints. New postulants for the priesthood daily presented themselves, to replace those who, to save the integrity of the church, and its glory in France, threw themselves into that gulf of anarchy which yawned between the bewildered people and their religion. While sovereigns were beheaded, priests assassinated, altars overthrown, and apostacy the only security against the guillotine, Mr. Maréchal, undismayed by all that was transpiring around him, succeeded in completing his ecclesiastical course and receiving the sacerdotal character. He was ordained at the peril of his life, and so dark was the cloud that hung over his holy religion at that time, that he was forced to quit Paris in disguise, and at an imminent risk succeeded in embarking at Havre for Baltimore. If the heart of this good man was cast down, as he looked back upon the crimes of his country, at least it was some consolation to him and his sacerdotal companions scattered through this country and England, to see two nations, aliens to them in religion and language, burst forth in tones of universal sympathy in their behalf, and with outspread arms tender to them a generous and cordial welcome.

About the time of Mr. Maréchal's arrival in this country, it was the intention of Father Emery, then the great light of the Gallican church, and superior of the Sulpitian Society, of which the subject of this memoir was a member, to open an academy in Baltimore for the instruction of youth in the various branches of mathematics, to be placed under his management and direction. But the design having been subsequently suspended, Mr. Maréchal entered upon the duties of a missionary, and was stationed for a few years in St. Mary's county, Maryland, where he zealously discharged his important trust, and afterwards, amid the regrets and with the benedictions of all that knew him, was assigned to the Bohemia station, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. His meek and sainted spirit, his amiable and courteous bearing, his zeal and fervor for his new flock here, as in St. Mary's, won all hearts irresistibly to him.

In 1799 he was recalled to Baltimore, to act in a sphere which, if not more congenial to his piety and zeal, was one for which all felt that he was eminently fitted, and for which his learning and studious habits peculiarly marked him. St. Mary's college in Baltimore, then but recently instituted under the auspices of the order to which he was attached, was in need of his services, and its directors sought him out in his retired mission, and appointed him professor of the theological department. For a short time the duties of the theological chair were interrupted by the engagements of Mr. Maréchal with Georgetown college. There he was assigned to the chair of philosophy, and after filling that appointment for several months, returned to Baltimore to resume his

duties as professor of theology. Of his brilliant success in this department, all who had the happiness of being his pupils, speak with an admiration bordering on enthusiasm. Theology in his hands was not a rugged and intricate study, but rendered attractive by the beauty of his method, the perspicuity of his illustrations, and the pious earnestness which accompanied both; it was the mirror of all that is most sublime in the Deity, and most lovely and attractive in virtue.

But the theological chair which he filled was, to the regret of all his students, after a few years of brilliant service, unexpectedly to pass to another's charge. The rock-founded church began again to show out its beacon light through France, looming loftily above the wreck and ruin of a tempestuous revolution. France had begun to be herself again, and all things to wear a brighter aspect, and he who had sought our shores at his superior's bidding, returned to his native soil in obedience to the same authority. He could not decline a call which was to restore him to friends and country. Once more then he traversed the ocean and arrived in France in the month of July, 1803. The superior of the Sulpitian Society sought his co-operation in reorganizing and conducting several houses attached to their rules. He was employed with distinction in several ecclesiastical institutions, and particularly at St. Flour, Lyons and Aix. There, as in our country, his pupils placed the highest estimate upon his theological knowledge and his happy facility of imparting it to others.

"In what esteem and veneration he was held by those who pursued their studies under his direction, was abundantly shown by the munificence of his theological pupils of Marseilles, who, soon after his elevation to the archiepiscopal dignity, presented him, as a testimony of their gratitude and respect, with the rich and magnificent marble altar that now stands in the metropolitan church at Baltimore. It bears the following inscription, which makes it known as a monument of their grateful and liberal feeling, and of the high regard which they entertained for the talents and virtues of their distinguished professor:

Hoc Altare
a Massiliensibus Sacerdotibus
Amb. Archiep. Balt.
Eorum in Sacrâ Theologia olim
Professori
grate oblatum
ipse Deo Salvatori in honorem ejus
Sanctissimæ Matris
Consecravit die 31 Maii, 1821."*

While Mr. Maréchal was thus devoting his zeal and abilities to the honor and glory of God and the welfare of his neighbor, his friends in this country were watching him with anxious and inquiring hearts. They well knew his great merits, and were ever solicitous to recover his invaluable services. As soon as circumstances permitted he determined to respond to these friendly manifestations in America, which were not at variance with the impulses of his own deep piety. In the year 1812, to the joy of all who knew him, he was welcomed again to the land of his adoption. New labors and new honors awaited his return. He resumed the theological chair of St. Mary's college, and for a short interval undertook the additional duties of president of the institution. But the life of study and seclusion which of all things his heart coveted, and which he had hoped would pass on in its even tenor without interruption or change, was to be one of short duration.

"His peaceful and zealous application to the duties of his charge, was soon interrupted by the intelligence he received from Rome, apprising him of his nomination to the see of Philadelphia. In vain did he make every effort to avert from his shoulders the burthen of the episcopal station; in flying from one danger, he fell into another. Shortly after this period, his appointment to the first ecclesiastical dignity in this country, called him to a still wider field of action; and notwithstanding every difficulty that he could urge as an obstacle to his compliance, though he pleaded strongly for a respite to complete an important work, in which he proposed to adapt the course of theology to the state of this country, the voice of his superiors and the demand of religion overruled his reluctance. His bulls having arrived on the 10th of November, 1817, five months after the decease of the Most Rev. Leonard Neale, he was consecrated archbishop of Baltimore, on the 14th of December of the same year, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cheverus, then

* Catholic Almanac for 1836, p. 51.

bishop of Boston, and subsequently archbishop of Bordeaux, in France."*

Invested with the high functions of American hierarch, the most reverend prelate commenced at once to devote all his attention and energies to the affairs of his diocess. How far he realized the expectations of the public, how much he accomplished for the cause of religion, to what extent he labored to promote that candid and conciliatory spirit which is the characteristic of true Christianity, how ardent the zeal for the welfare of the flock committed to his charge, are sufficiently known and appreciated by the Catholic community, and will ever be remembered with feelings of the liveliest gratitude.

The administration of every diocess will of course vary with the spirit of the times in which pastoral government may occur. Some eras will be marked by more trouble than others, but let the course of an episcopal career be as smooth as human events will allow, still must it encounter many obstacles and be ruffled by many trials. Care and sorrow and heavy responsibilities await even the reluctant high priest of ecclesiastical government, as they do the aspiring votary of worldly honors. And so indeed this most reverend prelate knew and felt.

"Shortly after his elevation to the episcopacy, he had to contend with difficulties which are the most painful to those who are invested with ecclesiastical authority. Disturbances had arisen in certain parts of the extensive territory subject to his jurisdiction, which presented rather a fearful aspect and threatened the American church with the distressing evils that invariably flow from a spirit of faction and insubordination. With an affected zeal for the cause of religion, a few individuals having usurped a power which belonged solely to the legitimate bishop of the diocess, endeavored to wrest a portion of the church from the authority of its lawful pastors. In these trying circumstances, Archbishop Maréchal evinced that zeal, that wisdom, that prudence, that attachment for his flock, that firm adherence to true principles, which have always distinguished the most eminent prelates, and which, fortunately for the cause of religion in this country, proved effectual in arresting the progress of the schism. We can not read the pastoral letter which he addressed to the faithful on this subject, in the year 1819, without admiring the learning, the wisdom and the apostolic spirit with which it abounds. It is an invaluable document for the clergy as well as the laity. While it places before the latter a clear and precise exposition of their duties and their utter disqualification to interfere in the spiritual government of the church, it points out to the former the awful calamities that religion may suffer from their infidelity in the discharge of those obligations which have been imposed on them by the sacerdotal character.

"After having established by the most solid reasoning, the exclusive right of episcopal authority to appoint clergymen for the exercise of the holy ministry, and alluded to the fatal consequences of resistance to the legitimate pastor, he adds: 'We have frequently blessed Divine Providence that we live under a free and just government. But we never felt the advantage more strongly than in this juncture. For were we under an absolute one, and these impious men could induce its ministers to support their measures, the Catholic bishops of the United States would soon be thrown into dungeons, and their flocks dispersed, unless they submitted to their abominable, new fangled canon laws. The general features of their writings exhibit persecution under its most hideous and fearful forms. But let them remember that her shafts in this country are blunted and shivered on the ægis of American liberty, and fall harmless at the feet of their intended victims.' He then proceeds to console the faithful upon the afflictions which had befallen them, and reminds them of the course they should pursue, to effect a better state of things. His instructions upon this subject may be very usefully practised at all times.

"'In those great calamities which have afflicted some portions of the church in every age, God displays his awful justice by delivering up to a reprobate sense, the wicked who in the bosom of his true religion, abuse the means of salvation he had offered them; and his infinite mercy towards the elect, by affording them an opportunity of continually multiplying their merits by frequent acts of Christian humility, patience, fortitude and charity.

* Catholic Almanac, p. 52.

"'In the midst of the troubles and persecutions to which you are now, or may hereafter be exposed, be careful, after the example of the saints, dearest brethren, daily to entreat with fervor your heavenly Father, to take under his special protection, yourselves, your families, your friends, your pastors, and all the Catholics of the United States. The church of Christ in this country, is now in affliction. Dissensions and scandals threaten to destroy her peace and happiness. As for you, dear brethren, strive to console her by every possible mark of respect, attachment, obedience and love. For though surrounded with difficulties, though ever attacked by some unnatural children, still she is your mother, your protectress, your guide upon earth, and the organ by which divine mercy communicates to you the treasure of his grace and all the means of salvation.'

"Such were the sentiments that animated this truly apostolic prelate; such was the confidence which he reposed in the assistance of God, on whose promises to the church he relied for the prosperity of religion, and for the crown of immortality that would repay his zealous efforts in so sacred a cause.

"During these troubles, Archbishop Maréchal received the most flattering marks of esteem and kindness from the sovereign pontiff, who confided entirely in his wisdom and discretion, and sent him the *pallium*, which is the greatest mark of distinction that can be conferred on a prelate. In the space of two or three years, he had the consolation of witnessing the happy effects of his wise administration."*

Having restored peace and tranquillity to the troubled portion of his flock, our beloved bishop had time once more to turn his attention more pointedly towards the completion of that beautiful structure intended for the episcopal seat and the worship of a growing and numerous congregation. The metropolitan church at Baltimore which had been designed by the enterprise and commenced under the auspices of the Most Rev. John Carroll, was, at the entrance of Mr. Maréchal upon the archiepiscopal duties of this diocess, in a very unfinished state and far from being in readiness for the purposes for which it was intended. The walls of this splendid structure had stood for several years but a few feet above the surface of the ground. Heavy pecuniary difficulties seemed almost to forbid the hope of its speedy use for the purposes of worship. Archbishop Maréchal, in the fulness of his pious wishes to see in his see a temple worthy of the Most High, determined to struggle in the face of all difficulties, and to renew the efforts of his predecessors so far at least as to prepare th steructure for the celebration of divine service. It was his happiness to see his zeal rewarded and his wish accomplished, by the solemn dedication of this beautiful church to the honor and service of God on the 31st of May, 1821. In the attainment of this wished for event of his saintly life, he owed much to the persevering co-operation and untiring zeal of the amiable and courteous rector of St. Peter's church, the Rev. Enoch Fenwick, whose memory will ever be dear to the Catholic community of Baltimore.

"It was likewise to the exertions of Archbishop Maréchal, or rather to the high respect which he commanded among the dignitaries of Europe, that we are indebted for the two master-pieces of painting, and other excellent specimens of the art, that decorate the walls of this cathedral and attract within its area so many thousands of admiring spectators.

"Notwithstanding the peculiar inclination of this virtuous prelate for a life of study and retirement, never did he shrink from the most arduous duties of his responsible charge, exhibiting in his own person an example of that fidelity which he inculcated to others. When the affairs of his diocess required his presence in Europe, he hesitated not to brave again the dangers of the ocean, however opposed it was to the desire which he cherished of being present in the midst of his beloved flock. During his absence from this country, which he left in October, 1821, on a visit to Rome, every letter showed with what pain he bore the separation, and how anxiously he looked for the moment of his return.

"In the eternal city, as well as at the court of princes, he was every where greeted with those demonstrations of respect and esteem, which were prompted by a profound regard for his eminent piety and learning.

"Having returned to America in November, 1822, Archbishop Maréchal continued to ex-

* Catholic Almanac, pp. 53—55.

ercise the same vigilance and zeal, which had previously distinguished his administration. But it was not the will of heaven that his valuable career should be protracted for many years.

"In 1826, the interests of religion called him to Canada, after which he visited Emmitsburg, in the state of Maryland, where he perceived the first indications of a disease which terminated his life. After laboring for more than a year under his indisposition, which he suffered with perfect composure of mind and resignation to the will of God, he expired on the 29th of January, 1828, in the full expectation of the rewards that are promised to the faithful servant.

"In delineating the character of this eminent prelate, it would scarcely be possible to represent it in too favorable a light. With talents of a superior order and acquirements of almost boundless extent, he united all those amiable and engaging qualities which form the charm of social intercourse. Always prepared for the discussion of those topics that were advanced in his presence, he never dismissed them without imparting clearer views to the minds of his hearers. Besides a thorough acquaintance with the ecclesiastical sciences, his mind was stored with an extensive knowledge of philosophy, history and general literature. He had likewise made a profound study of several branches of mathematics, and has left a number of valuable manuscripts on those abstruse subjects. Yet with all these splendid qualifications, what modesty, what simplicity! His character moulded itself to every species of society. In the company of the learned, exhaustless treasures flowed spontaneously from his richly fraught memory; while the cordiality of his conversation never gave the uneducated occasion to feel their inferiority. Every where he was distinguished by the same ease, the same dignity, the same episcopal decorum.

"His character appears to still greater advantage, when we advert to that tender and enlightened piety which constituted the principle of all his actions. His soul seemed to have been formed for virtue. He viewed all the events of human life through the medium of religion. Hence that perfect indifference to the things that engage the most ardent pursuit of earthly interest and ambition. Hence that liberality which shared so largely a limited subsistence with the victims of poverty and misfortune. Hence that paternal disposition, that benignity of manner, by which he strove to win the hearts of those who had been committed to his charge, and to gain them all to Christ. Hence, in a word, that constant fidelity '*in feeding the flock of God. . . . . in taking care of it, not by restraint, but willingly according to God, neither for the sake of filthy lucre, but voluntarily; neither as domineering over the clergy, but being made a pattern of the flock from the heart;* wherefore he hoped *that, when the Prince of pastors would appear, he should receive a never fading crown of glory.** 1 Peter, c. v.' "

* Catholic Almanac, pp. 56—58.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM AND EUTROPIUS.

A SKETCH FROM THE CHURCH HISTORY OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

BY PROF. WALTER.

THE reign of the Emperor Arcadius was disgraced by many proofs of weakness and inconsistency, not among the least of which was his conduct in regard to the eunuch Eutropius. Born in an obscure condition, this person had succeeded in ingratiating himself into the imperial favor. Honors were showered upon the favorite; riches followed, of course, and the establishment of this minion of fortune surpassed that of his sovereign in luxury and magnificence. It is scarcely necessary to add that he was insolent, ambitious, haughty, and self-sufficient in the highest degree; these are qualities native to the character of such adventurers. To such a height was his presumption carried, that, at last, nothing less would content him than the consulship, and the singularly misplaced title, in his regard, of "Father of the Emperor." He had exerted his interest in behalf of St. Chrysostom, in his election to the see of Constantinople; but had afterwards taken part against him. The saint's intrepidity of character, the apostolic zeal with which he labored for the correction of abuses, as well public as private, and the fearlessness with which he exposed and reproved them in every station, could not fail to bring him into collision with the favorite, whose animosity was not confined to the archbishop alone, but extended to the whole church, whose immunities he attacked. The law passed in 398, against the privilege of asylums in churches, was his work. In carrying this point, he deprived the church of an immunity altogether in unison with the character of that religion which, like its divine Founder, is the refuge of the oppressed. In 399, this minion of power had reached the zenith of his greatness, and ruled with a tyranny that knew no bounds.

At length the day of retribution came. The gross manner in which he had abused the emperor's favor, and the scandal which his conduct excited, inflamed the people and the army against him. Gainas, the popular general, presented himself boldly before Arcadius, and demanded the dismissal of his favorite. This demand was enforced by the eloquence of Eudoxia, the emperor's wife, who, with tears in her eyes, presented her infant children to their father, imploring his justice for some insult received from his presumptuous minister. Thus urged, the weak Arcadius was not long to yield, and signed his favorite's condemnation. The magic spell was at once dissolved:

> Eripitur persona, manet res.—*Lucretius.*
>
> Down falls the mask, and the reality
> Stands in its native hideousness before us.

Men wondered at the charm that had held them in thraldom. The acclamations that so lately hailed the merit and the fortune of the favorite, were changed into clamors, reproaching him with his crimes, and pressing his immediate execution. In the hour of distress and despair, his only refuge was that same church which he had persecuted, and the asylum of whose altars he had been instrumental in abolishing. St. Chrysostom received him with the charity of a Christian and the tenderness of a parent. On the following day, when the news of his disgrace, and the place of his refuge had been published throughout the city, crowds of the common people mingled with the infuriated soldiery, rushed to the cathedral of St. Sophia, that they might exult over the distress of their once dreaded tyrant, and drag him forth to punishment. The moment was critical; St. Chrysostom, insensible to danger when the voice of charity demanded his presence, made his way through the infuriated crowd to the spot where lay

crouching the victim of the public indignation, his features pale as death, trembling like an abject slave, and clinging to the altar for protection. There was no leisure for meditation. The orator ascended the pulpit, and, in a burst of extemporaneous eloquence, addressed his excited hearers to this effect:

"If ever there was a season in our lives in which we might exclaim, *Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!* it surely is the moment before us. Where is now the pomp of the consulship, where its honors and costly insignia? Where the blaze of torches that preceded the triumphal march? Where those maddening shouts of applause? Where the crowded hall, the sumptuous banquet, and the midnight revelry? Where is the tumult with which the city resounded, where the noisy acclamations, the fulsome homage of flattery so lavishly poured forth by the thousands that thronged the theatre? All have vanished! a tempestuous gale has stripped the proud tree of its foliage; it has exposed to our eyes the naked trunk, it has shaken it to its very roots, and threatens to scatter it in fragments to the winds of heaven. What has become of those summer friends, of the sumptuous banquet, and the swarm of parasites, of the goblets of exhaustless wine, of the arts that administered to luxury, of the worshippers of the imperial purple, of those cringing slaves of interest, whose words were as servile as their deeds? They were the vision of a night, the illusion of a morning dream, that has melted before the beams of day; they were spring flowers that withered with the fleeting spring; they were a shadow, and it passed away, a brilliant vapor, that shone for a moment, and has vanished into air. O! how true then is that saying, and how incessantly should we repeat those words of the Holy Spirit—*Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!* These words should be inscribed in letters of light upon the walls of our houses, over the doors of our apartments, in the places of public resort; nay, on our very garments should they be written; but far more should they be engraven upon each man's conscience, and be made the theme of salutary meditation. By continually repeating these warning words, we should learn what value to set upon the illusions of fortune and the friendships of men.

"Did I not a thousand times repeat to you that riches are a fugitive slave? But such language was importunate; you refused to listen to my warning voice. You have now learned by bitter experience that, like ungrateful servants, they have deserted you in the hour of your need; nay, more, that they have become instruments of destruction, and the active causes of the storm that has thus burst over your head. How often did I say that those who lavished their flattery upon thee were no real friends of thine; and that the warnings I gave thee were more profitable than their servile adulation; that *faithful are the wounds of a friend, but deceitful the kisses of an enemy;* salutary wounds, hadst thou borne them in a proper spirit, and which would have protected thee from the perfidious caresses that have hastened thy ruin. All this I told thee, but my remonstrances were wounding to thy self-love. And yet had I not just reason to address thee thus? Call in the hour of thy need upon the joyous guests who encircled thy table; upon the lictors who commanded the people to make place for thee when thou didst appear in public; upon the sycophants who in the public places obtruded upon all their encomiums on thee; and where are they? They have taken the alarm; they are fled afar, fearful of being recognized as thy former friends, wholly intent upon their own interest and security, at the expense of thine. Far different has been our conduct. In the meridian of thy fortune, we bore in patience the insolence of prosperity; in thy fall, we spread over thee the mantle of our protection, and tender thee our services. The same church, against whom thou hast warred, opens her bosom to receive thee; while the theatres, those idols of thy soul, which have so often drawn down thy vengeance upon us, have betrayed, have abandoned thee. And yet, even then, how often did we address these words to thee: 'Whence this rage against the church? What has she done to thee? In persecuting her, thou art running upon thy own destruction?' But vain were our remonstrances; our voice could not reach thy ear. Look at the contrast; the very men whom thy prodigality feasted with spectacles, have been the first to sharpen the sword against thee; while the church, forgetful of the wrongs thou hast done her, is seen running in anxious solicitude to shelter thee under her wings, and

rescue thee from the dangers that beset thee on every side. I speak not this to trample on a prostrate foe; my object is to inspire with confidence those who stand, and who think they have nothing to fear. God forbid that I should seek to tear open wounds yet bleeding! I wish to secure from harm those yet unwounded. I seek not to replunge in the waves the half-drowned wretch who has struggled to the shore, but to caution those whose bark glides heedlessly on the ocean, against the rocks that threaten their destruction. And how shall they be preserved? Let them meditate on the vicissitude of human things, and on the example here presented to their view. This very man, had he but feared a reverse of fortune, would have been prepared for the worst, and suffered less from the evil when it came. But now he feels all its bitterness; and why? Because he refused to listen to the voice of friends and strangers, who warned him of his danger. Do you, at least, whoever you be, who rely so confidently upon your riches, do you profit by the lesson that is given you. Learn better to estimate those riches, and to learn their true value; for what in nature more fragile than they? Select what images you may to convey an idea of their frailty, and you will still be far from the truth. To call them a blade of grass, a fleeting vapor, a fantastic dream, the flower of a moment, is to stamp a reality upon them; for they are less than nothing! There needs no other proof of this truth, than what is now before your eyes. Was ever man more elevated, more august than he? Did he not surpass the universe in wealth? Had he not ascended the meridian of dignities? Did not the whole empire tremble before him? Behold! in an instant he is degraded below the level of the meanest slave; he is more miserable than the captive, more abject than the vilest suppliant, more necessitous than the beggar who vainly implores the charity of the public. Every moment he sees the sword suspended over his head, or waving before his eyes; every moment he awaits the announcement of the sentence, and measures in imagination the road that leads to the scaffold; the axe and the executioner are ever present to his sight. Wretched man! in the midst of noon-day he is unconscious of the blessed light of heaven; absorbed in his afflictions, he remains as though enveloped in ten-fold darkness, expecting every moment that death which perpetually stares him in the face. Behold him there, at the foot of the altar, chained by fear, as in a frightful dungeon. But where find expressions to paint the horror of his situation, and the cruel agonies which he endures? And why seek foreign images to delineate those sufferings, which he himself, in glowing colors, depicts to us in his own person? Even yesterday, when soldiers from the imperial palace came by order of the emperor to drag him to his fate, you saw with what agitation, in what an agony of terror, he rushed to the altar. The paleness of death was on his face; his teeth chattered; his whole frame was convulsed; his speech was broken; his tongue stammered forth incoherent words. You would have thought that fear had congealed him into stone.

"Believe me, I say not this to insult the wretched man, or to triumph in his fall. Here is no place for any feeling save that of commiseration; it is this that I ask at your hands. The more overwhelming his misfortune, the more should it soften our resentment, satisfy the anger of the emperor, and soothe the hard hearts of those who reproach us for having afforded him the sanctuary of the church. But have you just cause, my brother, for being thus offended? Yes, you will reply; we see a man sheltered by the church, who waged incessant war against her. And is it not for that especial reason we should glorify the Lord, who has permitted him to be reduced to such extremity, as to experience both the power and the clemency of the church? The power of the church, because his continued persecutions have drawn down this thunderbolt on his head; the clemency of the church, because still bleeding from her wounds, she extends the ægis of her protection over her infuriated persecutor, covers him with her wings, shields him from violence, and forgetful of past suffering and past injustice, generously presents her bosom as his asylum. Was there ever victory more memorable, or triumph more glorious than this? It is an act to confound the gentile, and to raise even the blushes of the Jew! It is a triumph which sheds a glory around the church of God: it irradiates her face with smiles, and lights up her eye with exultation. She hath pardoned, she hath re-

ceived, she hath cherished a fallen foe; and when all beside had abandoned him to his fate, she alone, like a tender mother, threw over him the mantle of charity, and interposed for his defence, between the indignation of the prince, the fury of the people, and the rage of the soldiery who thirsted for his blood. A scene like this forms the glory and the pride of our religion; it is in this that our altars find their most magnificent decorations.

"But, you will say, shall a guilty wretch, a public culprit, find his way to the holy of holies? When such a man pollutes the altar by his embrace, can it be matter of triumph for the church? Ah! speak not thus, my brother; you forget that even a public sinner, an impure woman, embraced the feet of Jesus, and washed them with her tears: yet no reproaches were heard from the lips of the Saviour; he approved, he praised her. Pollution could not contaminate the pure, but the pure and spotless Jesus rendered by his touch the polluted one pure. Magdalen became sanctified by a communication with the God of all purity.

"Have a care, lest this apparent zeal of yours be no other than a secret and unworthy desire of vengeance. Forget not that you are the disciples of a God who said, when expiring upon the cross, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*

"But you will tell me that he closed this asylum to himself, by the laws which he caused to be passed against it. Behold! he now realizes the impolicy of the act he committed, and is himself the first to solve the law which he enacted. He is become a spectacle to the universe, and, mute and voiceless as he is at this moment, he cries aloud to all, 'Do not such things as I have done, lest ye should suffer what I suffer.' How eloquent the lesson which he gives us in his very silence! Illustrated by the spectacle before us, the altar darts forth an unprecedented splendor. How tremendous, how august doth it appear, since it holds this lion in chains, and crouching at your feet! Thus, the monarch is illustrious, not when seated on his throne, invested with purple and resplendent in the diadem; but when treading beneath his feet the captive barbarians, who crouch at his foot-stool and grovel in the dust. You yourselves, by the eagerness with which you rushed to these altars, as contrasted with your present comportment, prove better than any words of mine could do, what are the rights and what the power of these altars of the Most High. An extraordinary spectacle is presented to my eyes; the church is thronged as on the festival of Easter; this culprit, with a silence more eloquent than the trumpet's voice, has summoned the city hither. Men, women, nay, virgins themselves, who fly from the public gaze, have quitted their homes to repair to this spot. The places of public resort are deserted; all have hastened hither, to behold this memorable example of human frailty, this living image of the instability of all human things. The splendid fortunes of this man, yesterday so brilliant, so dazzling by their meretricious glare, now stand unmasked in all their naked deformity; a sad reverse has tarnished their lustre, and exposed their hollowness and abjection. Does the rich man enter here? What a salutary lesson will he read in this strange reverse of fortune. For on beholding the man at whose nod the universe trembled, precipitated from his lofty elevation, his proud nature humbled, and himself become more timid than the most timid of animals, bound without fetters to yonder pillar, girt around with fear as with a chain, and forced to confess the humbling secret of his littleness;—in beholding all this, he feels a home-conviction of the truth of those words of the Prophet: *all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth.* Doth the poor man enter here? He also shall receive a salutary lesson. Consoled by this spectacle of human vicissitude, he ceases to repine at his lot, and to grieve that he is poor; nay, he droppeth a tear of gratitude to his poverty, because it hath been to him a citadel impregnable to the attacks of fortune, a harbor secure from the storm, an asylum of peace and repose; he feels that, were the choice offered him between his present humble condition, and the possession of all the goods of the world, to be afterwards forfeited by some sudden reverse, he should not hesitate which to adopt. Thus, then, both the rich and the poor, the great and the little, the freeman and the slave, may profit by the spectacle before us. To one and all it may supply a healing balsam, to be applied to the different maladies with which humanity is afflicted.

"And now, have I succeeded in softening your hearts, and soothing your resentment? Has the indignation which filled your bosoms given place to gentler feelings? Yes, I dare flatter myself that better sentiments have prevailed. Pity has found an entrance into your souls. Your altered looks proclaim it; your flowing tears attest it. Since the generous and feeling part of your nature has triumphed, let us avail ourselves of the happy moment. Let us bring forth the works of mercy, by hastening to throw ourselves at the feet of the prince; or, rather, let us prostrate ourselves before the God of mercy, that he would himself deign to touch the soul of the emperor, and incline his heart to pardon. And truly, since the day on which he whom you see before you sought refuge in this temple, an important change has been effected. For when the soldiers thronged tumultuously round the palace, demanding with indignant cries the head of the culprit, the emperor directed to them a discourse, in which he employed every argument to persuade them that, instead of dwelling on the faults of this man, they should recall to mind whatever good he had done. At first they would not listen to reason; it was, they said, the cause of outraged majesty that they sought to avenge. The cries for vengeance redoubled; swords waved in the air, and they demanded the blood of their victim. It was then that, with tears in his eyes, he represented to them the sanctity of the hallowed asylum to which he had fled, and by his touching representations appeased their fury.

"What now remains but that the application be made to our own hearts, and that we imitate the noble conduct of our prince? Surely, when an offended emperor pardons the guilty, and forgets the injuries he received, should we be excusable for cherishing such resentments, we who have sustained no immediate injury?

"With enmity still rankling in your hearts, will you have the hardihood to approach the holy mysteries, and with the same lips that exhale imprecations, to repeat that prayer in which we are commanded to say, *Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us?* It is possible that this man may have been guilty of great crimes, that he has indulged in violent excesses against you. I admit the charge. But this is a season of mercy, not of rigor; of remission, not of accusation; of indulgence, not of scrutiny; of grace and favor, not of trial and condemnation. Let us, then, no longer dwell upon the idea of revenging ourselves. Let us achieve a triumph over ourselves; let us entreat the God of mercies to pardon the culprit, to deliver him from the danger which threatens him, to preserve his life and give him time for repentance. Let us supplicate our gracious monarch, in the name of the altar, and by the authority of the church, beseeching him that she may call a single individual her own. If this be the course we pursue, the emperor will approve—but, far more, the King of kings will applaud the deed; it will be registered in the archives of heaven, and will draw down upon us its benedictions; for as the Almighty detests and reproves the cruel and inhuman, so likewise doth he love and cherish the compassionate and the merciful. Every page of the Scriptures speaks of mercy and not sacrifice; it is through the virtue of this that we are to find the remission of our sins. If this, then, be our course, we shall draw down upon ourselves the favor of heaven, we shall add honor to the church, we shall merit both the clemency of the emperor and the applause of the whole people. We shall merit for our city a reputation for gentleness and moderation, which will reach to the very ends of the earth. Let us, therefore, hasten to the feet of the emperor, let us kneel, let us implore him to save this miserable captive, this humbled supplicant; that to us the grace may be granted of attaining to the good things in the land of the living, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and dominion now and for evermore. Amen."

If one of the most important ends of eloquence be to war against the more violent and debasing passions of our nature, by opposing to them noble and virtuous emotions, to the victorious influences of which they are compelled to yield, then must the Homily of St. Chrysostom on the Disgrace of Eutropius be entitled to rank among the great masterpieces of oratory. *Flexanima atque omnium regina rerum oratio*, is the lively definition of old Ennius; but this "soul-subduing queen" would exert but half her powers were she to rest content with merely seeking the motives proper to persuade; she must know the art of skilfully marshalling her materials, and of so

graduating them as to produce the most powerful effect. In the homily in question, St. Chrysostom has employed this address, with all the ability of a practised master.

The bold and abrupt exordium was naturally supplied by the spectacle presented to the eyes of his excited auditory. What more obvious than the different aspect of the fortunes of Eutropius to-day and yesterday? *Hæccine est illa civitas?* "and is this the city?" is the obvious reflection that presents itself to the wanderer amidst the ruins of Jerusalem, arising from the contrast between its present desolation and the recollection of its past greatness.—Striking contrasts like these dispose the mind to feelings of pity, and of respect for misfortune.

The first part of the enumeration points to Eutropius as despoiled of the exterior pomp by which his greatness was encircled; the second depicts him in his state of personal destitution, deprived of the enjoyments which prosperity affords, and of the consolations which friendship promises.

The repetition of the opening words, *vanity of vanities, and all is vanity*, at the close of the exordium, is very striking; it is like the recurrence of some favorite motive in the overture of a great composer.

Up to this point the discourse of the orator is direct. It was necessary to divert the attention of the auditory from the object of their resentment, and this could not be more effectually accomplished than by a train of moralizing, clothed in the most striking imagery. St. Chrysostom now turns to Eutropius. It is some consolation to the wretched that men condescend to address them, though in a tone of rebuke. But these rebukes are not directed to Eutropius alone; by being divided, their intensity is weakened; indignation is diminished when exerted upon a number of culprits. Palliatives are sought for. After all, Eutropius may not be the most criminal of those by whom he was surrounded. The orator enveighs against certain foreigners who have ruined him, those courtiers, those perfidious sycophants whose servile flatteries were calculated to turn a stronger head than his; and then his crime is a want of experience. It is thus that the general indignation against the fallen favorite is insensibly diminished, till the sentiments said to have been expressed by the emperor himself, complete this master-piece of address.

No sooner does the orator perceive that he has effected a breach in the prejudices and resentments of his hearers, than he presses his advantage by having recourse to the touching and the pathetic. Once master of the field, he leaves the enemy no room for a rallying point. He anticipates objections, and, by rejecting, converts them into arguments in his favor. It is an *apparent* zeal that actuates the enemies of Eutropius. It is religion herself who demands his pardon; his enemies, therefore, become the enemies of religion. We now behold the culprit protected by the seal of divine authority; he has become a sacred object, as trees scathed by lightning are converted into things deserving of veneration.

The sacred orator has triumphed. His hearers can resist no longer. Base and violent passions are hushed; noble and generous emotions are awakened; indignation gives place to pity, and pity itself becomes sanctified by the blessed effects of which it is productive; for, see, the rich man trembles, and learns the danger of his riches; the poor man rejoices, and consoles himself in his poverty. The whole auditory responds to the orator by tears of virtuous emotion. Eutropius is saved.

Critics have concurred in giving to this homily the palm of excellence. It has been characterized as the master-piece of Christian antiquity. Eutropius quitted his asylum some days after, upon a promise that his life should be spared. His riches were confiscated, and he was condemned to perpetual exile in the island of Cyprus. Even there the implacable resentment of his enemies pursued him. He was hastily recalled, and carried to Chalcedon, where, after a hurried trial, he was condemned to lose his head.

In another homily, St. Chrysostom alludes to the scene which took place in the cathedral. He says that the destruction of Eutropius was to be ascribed to his own inconsiderateness in quitting the sanctuary. The church would never have forsaken him; and yet, continues the saint, it was no wonder that he derived no benefit from the sanctuary, since he had not entered it in a Christian spirit, and with a heart disposed to profit by such a privilege.

He adds: "When the distressed seek the sanctuary of the church, they should be there as well in mind as in body. For what constitutes a church? Not the material walls, but the unity of its members in Jesus Christ."

ARCHÆOLOGY.

LEGENDARY BASSO-RELIEVOS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY L. C. BOISTINIERE.

A NEW and very laudable tendency is that which has lately been witnessed among many distinguished writers and savans, to study the remnants of those architectural monuments of the middle ages, which are still the pride and glory of some European countries. After having been buried in contemptuous oblivion, many of these productions of art have been placed, in our days, in a new light; a spirit of enlightened criticism has been directed to the monuments of the past, and many a beautiful specimen of art, buried under the accumulated dust of ages, owes its resurrection to the patient and scientific investigations of our modern archæologists. The public mind has by degrees been taught to admire as new productions, the old relics of the venerable cathedrals, and to be enraptured with many an antiquated statue of saints, at whose shrines our ancestors knelt and prayed for centuries. We have learned how to discover new beauties in the gorgeous tints of the stained glasses of the gothic chapel, and in the varied and multifarious figures, carved in bold relievos on the sides of churches. This tendency is certainly a happy one, and we shall ultimately, perhaps, see the day arrive when justice will be done to those to whom it is due. The middle ages, better known and appreciated, will no longer be stigmatized with the appellation of "dark," and we shall be forced to acknowledge that these were times of exuberant life, of powerful faith, and of great undertakings.

"Will our age," asks the illustrious Chateaubriand, "leave as many witnesses of its passage, as the ages of our forefathers? Who could now build churches and palaces in all the corners of France? The faith which moved those stones is now extinguished. We can raise but exchanges, stores, manufactories, bazaars, coffee-houses, and ball-rooms. In the towns we behold but cheaply constructed houses; in the country but cottages, and every where diminutive tombs. In five or six centuries, when religion and philosophy will have settled their accounts, when they will have calculated the days which have belonged to either, and both shall have exhibited a statement of their ruins, on which side, do you think, will the largest amount of life appear to have been spent, the greatest number of monuments?"

Of all the European states, France, in spite of the antichristian and iconoclast fury which, like a fever, shook the brains of her people for a time, France can justly boast of having preserved more of the monuments of the middle ages, than any other country; but, rich as that country still remains, can it be compared, in an archæological point of view, with the times when its soil was thickly covered with religious edifices of the finest architecture; when, according to the *Gallia Christiana*, there were upon that truly Christian land fifteen hundred abbeys or monastic foundations? The general account, as preserved in the national archives, presents the astonishing number of thirty thousand four hundred and nineteen curacies, eighteen thousand five hundred and thirty-seven chapels, four hundred and nineteen chapters having churches, two thousand eight hundred and seventy-two priories, nine hundred and thirty-one Lazzaretos or houses for lepers, besides innumerable charitable institutions for the sick, public schools, etc. Jacques Cœur counted no less than one million seven hundred thousand steeples in France; the *Satyre Ménipée*, a very precious historical document, presents the same number, and the whole population which built and supported these numerous edifices, was then twenty-five millions.

If those monuments of the past have in great part been destroyed, yet France, as we

have said, still possesses numerous proofs of the splendor of her ancient Gothic art. There are still many noble structures yet standing, in a good state of preservation, on the soil trodden by past generations; the people there still kneel and pray in the same temples where their forefathers sought consolation and peace. Strasburg, Rouen, Chartres, Beauvais, Lyons, Auch, Moulins, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Paris, and several other cities, boast of magnificent edifices, where the traveller and the antiquarian may go to study and admire the sublime memorials of the ancient faith. All of them present a vast field for the patient investigations of science and criticism; every one of them would require its own monography to be well understood. But as this undertaking would furnish matter for volumes, and would altogether exceed the limits of a single paper, we shall select merely as a specimen, one of the productions of the ancient art, as exhibited on a portal of the cathedral of Notre-Dame in Paris, which treats of the two last incidents in the life of the Blessed Virgin. Our guide in this description will be an interesting work written by Mr. Didron on the history of monumental art in France. But, before entering upon our task, we beg leave to present here a brief view of the arts in general as understood in the middle ages, and to compare the ideas of those epochs with the unhappy tendency of some of our modern schools. We shall also advert to the widely extended devotion of those times, to our patrons in heaven, and especially the Blessed Virgin Mary.

When we look back upon those periods of vivid and active faith, we are struck at first with the tender and universal devotion then professed towards the Mother of God; we find her the heroine of most of the pious traditions contained in the ancient legends. Her devotion is ever mingled with the hopes and joys of those by-gone generations. We read the incidents of her marvellous life, written in luminous characters upon the stained glasses of the long choir-windows, and carved in bold relief on the sides and gates of the house of God. And yet her history was but one, though important chapter, in that great series of events which the old cathedrals published day and night to the people, from all points, from the sculptured summit of the heavenward-looking spire, to the lowest base of some symbolical relievo.

In those ages which preceded the discovery of the art of printing, a church, if we may so speak, was a large and magnificent bible of stone, to which the Christian people could at all times resort, for the purposes of holy prayer and instruction. Every window was a marvellous and eloquent page which taught them, every stone gave forth a sublime lesson to their admiring eyes. The people then loved the house which they had reared by their magnanimous faith and constancy. Whither indeed could they go after the hour of toil and distraction, when the din of war was almost always sounding in their ears; whither could they go to find a few moments of true liberty and comfort, if not to the house of God, the only spot left sacred to man? Thus did the people make the house of God a noble and magnificent structure, and labor, with all the strength of their hands and all the joy of their hearts, to invest it with appropriate decorations. They associated it with all the events of their life; it was a world for them; a world in which their fancy loved to roam. There they found the saints whom they loved; there the Blessed Lady would always smile upon them from the gorgeous glass, or the marble niche. That pure, delicate form was the type of the celestial beauty then cherished by the people. The more elegant figure, which constitutes the modern type of beauty, would in vain have been presented to their admiration; they would always have preferred their simple and chaste Madonna. What heavenly expression shone indeed in those features so simple, so modest! What sweetness in those looks cast down upon the miseries of earth! Here indeed was the consoler of the afflicted, the help of Christians, the refuge of sinners.

The arts were then quite spiritualized and intellectual, professing perhaps too marked an aversion for forms, though this aversion, it must be admitted, was not unbecoming in works destined to adorn the sacred place. The solemn, chaste, modest, and rather cold figure of a saint, was certainly more effectual in calling the mind to recollection and to grave and pious thoughts, than the sight of those profane looking figures which too commonly in our days dishonor the temple of God. In those ages *beauty was the symbol of morality*, according to the just and noble definition of Kant; and was understood in the sense of the cele-

brated De Maistre, who says that *beauty is what pleases enlightened virtue.* This tendency, wholly spiritual, constituted the artistic superiority of those days over ours, in which a strong impulse seems to lead us back to the pagan traditions of classical art. We hope that this retrograde movement will be checked in time; it tends to a materialization of the arts, which, if they cease to be the symbol of morality, will no longer deserve our attention.

We willingly admit that an attention to mere external representation, to mere forms, without any view to the expression of a moral idea, was capable of producing in Grecian times very fine specimens of statuary. But judging them in a spirit of true criticism, and without being influenced by a long established admiration, what do we discover in those productions which are so highly praised? We find, indeed, beautiful models of men and women; not a muscle too long, nor a nerve too short; but that is all. If we look into those statues for the true spark of moral life, the lofty expression which flows from the soul to the features, and enlightens them as an emanation from a divine and inward sun, our search will be vain; we shall not find them. The Grecian artist could not give to his work what he neither knew nor felt himself. He made, it is true, a beautiful form, with life, and a great degree of life, but without a soul. And no wonder if he could so well transfer to wood or stone, the external shape of man, living as he did among a people who had deified the material form, a people who awarded prizes to mere beauty as others did to virtue, a people among whom the handsomest youth was yearly crowned and carried in triumph. The perfection of personal form thus naturally engrossed the whole attention of the Grecian artist. We do not mean it as a reproach against these artists that they did not come nearer to the type of moral beauty. It was not their fault, but the fault of their times; for the notions of moral beauty, as we now understand it, are quite new in the world; Christianity alone introduced them among men, together with a code of new virtues altogether unknown before. Where would the ancients have looked for a type analogous to that of our Christian virgin clad in the robes of modesty, shining with a halo of purity and innocence? They certainly would not have found it among those impudent viragos who wrestled naked in the public arenas; nor would it have been discovered among the worshippers of Cypris, or the priestesses of Cybele. Physical beauty was the main thing that struck the eye and filled the imagination of those Grecians who have been so long extolled, and who, whatever may be said of them, were certainly more polite than civilized.

Thank heaven! we now possess the sense of a higher beauty, beauty of a purer type; and the nearer we come to it, the closer also shall we be to the divine model of eternal perfection brought into the world by Christ, the eternal prototype. That type we now all feel, desire, pursue, unconsciously perhaps, and sometimes even in denying its origin. That new sense of what is beautiful, noble and grand in the fine arts, as well as in poetry and eloquence, now belongs to us, and can no more be banished from the world, than the new notions of charity and philanthropy, which were also brought into it by the gospel. To resist this tendency would be to return to the by-gone traditions of pagan times; it would introduce sensualism and materialization into the arts, and propagate the doctrines of a new school of painting in Europe, whose motto is: the cultivation of the arts for the sake of the arts, *l'art, pour l'art,* without any idea of morality, or ever attempting to make them the *symbol of morality.* As we have entered upon the theatre of Christian inspiration, we cannot cease to follow it without branding ourselves with the stigma of renegados. What our forefathers have done, is an evidence of the wonders that Christian inspiration can effect. Were we to draw a parallel between the works of the two eras, the Christian and the pagan, we could not without injustice refuse the largest number of masterpieces to the latter. But to the former belongs the praise of understanding and expressing in the most happy manner the symbolical meaning of the external shape; it alone breathes a divine soul and is filled with a celestial inspiration.

Though this idea may appear new to the admirers of ancient art, we are of opinion that many of the productions of the Christian middle ages approached nearer to what we call the eternal type of moral beauty, than the most admired master-pieces of the Grecian school.

Among others, we shall select as instances illustrative of this idea some of those specimens which are admitted as standards by the best critics: *Niobe,* the *Group of Laocoon,* the *Apollo, Diana the huntress,* the *Olympian Jupiter,* and the *Venuses.* These master-pieces of *human* beauty have produced what we might in some respects consider as the intellectual and philosophical age of Greece, the age of Socrates and of Plato; they evidently bespeak a certain tendency to moral expression; but how vastly have they fallen short of the truth! *Niobe* is full of grief, it is true, but it is the terrestrial grief, and even the physical and instinctive grief of a mother bereft of her little ones. In that afflicted face there appears no noble aspiration of the heart to heaven, not a particle of that thing, Christian, we may say, which renders sorrow sublime. The *Laocoon* is a perfect image of hideous despair. The *Apollo* has never given us any other idea than that of a handsome but stupid youth, standing straight and stiff to be the more admired; can we find a spark of inspiration in those placid, though beautiful features? Is this the god of the lyre, the inspirer of the muses? *Diana the huntress* is noble indeed; but it is only a noble and fine *woman;* we can not discover any thing but earthly excellence in that beautiful specimen, which, however, has always been with us a favorite piece of art. The *Olympian Jupiter,* we must say, conveys but a poor idea of the father of the eternals: he is a *man,* in spite of all his pretensions to be a *god.* Some have discovered chastity and modesty in the statues of the *Venuses:* for ourselves we think they present to the mind only sensual and voluptuous ideas; they reveal nothing of that pure and etherial essence of love, of which they should have been the symbol. Were we to pursue our criticism upon all the other specimens of Grecian art, the same conclusion would force itself upon our mind; we would almost always meet with a splendid figure, admirable proportions, and an anatomical exactness of parts; but the divine flame, the moral expression, the *mens divinior* would not be discernible in them, though some enthusiastic admirers have, very gratuitously we think, allowed them to those material productions. A critic, possessing a rich and fanciful imagination, might perhaps see in them what we have never discovered, and what we really think does not exist.

The contrary of all this may with truth be said of the specimens of sculpture, statuary and glass painting, which we have received from the middle ages. In these productions the external exactness of form is often neglected and anatomical proportions are sometimes wanting; but how perfect is the moral expression! what rays of divine intelligence and sublime virtue beam from the faces of some of those saints! What heavenly sweetness and compassion in those tender features of the queen of angels and of men! This is especially remarkable from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, when Catholic art was in its onward march. Some of the virgins of those times are perfect in expression and even in form; they are truly raphaelic: and when the setting sun, pouring its golden beams against the stained glass of the long choir windows, brings forth into delightful hues some of these heavenly madonnas, you almost think that the king of painters, the great Raphael, borrowed from them his sublime type of the Virgin.

Improvements were also made during the thirteenth and two following ages in the art of sculpture, and many a fine bass-relief now highly admired was produced during that epoch. As well as the stained glasses, these bass-reliefs often represent traits of the lives of the saints and of the blessed Virgin, with a power of conception, a multiplicity of details and a faithfulness of representation, which give us the highest idea of the richness of imagination and sublimity of views which belonged to the unknown but great artist who carved them. A fine remnant of these historical bass-reliefs is to be found on the western portal of the cathedral of Notre-Dame in Paris; and as it conveys an idea of the relievo style of the thirteenth century, we will, in our next number, attempt a description of it, which may be interesting not only to the lover of Christian archæology, but also to the admirer of the past glory of the church.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT IS GOD?

When King Hiero asked the philosopher Simonides what he thought of God, the latter requested a day to think upon the grand subject. Upon being asked the same question at the end of the required time, the philosopher desired two days to consider, and at the close of two days solicited a third. The king then wished to know why he thus trifled with him. "Sire," said the wise philosopher, "the more I think on the nature of God, the less I know about him."

Oh! thou sublime and glorious God,
Author of all, oh! what art thou?
Creation trembles at thy nod,
And millions at thy foot-stool bow.

Kingdoms and crowns are dust to thee,
A thousand thrones before thee fall;
For, in thy might and majesty,
Thou reignest sovereign o'er them all.

In each, and every thing, thou art
The unseen centre and the soul;
Of the whole universe the heart,
Thou bid'st the beauteous system roll.

We stand, astonished at thy power,
When gazing on yon sky of light;
We mark thee in a fly or flower,
As in the glittering globes of night.

We hear thee in the awful blast,
And see thee in the brilliant bow;
The ocean speaks of thee when, cast
By storm, its boiling billows flow.

We feel thee in the silent soul,
Brightly in bliss, but undefined;
Where reason sits without control,
Mysterious monarch of the mind.

The human soul!—how strange it seems,
With angel talents brightly blessed;
Yet a vain world of vicious dreams,
That knows no peace, that knows no rest!

Reason in ruins!—What! convulse
A temple viewless as the wind?
And can disease fix on the pulse
Of that which sight nor search can find?

Philosophy becomes a fool,
When grasping at a thought so high;
Nobler than knowledge of the school
Is that which teaches how to die.

Say, can philosophy e'er teach
How matter mingles with the mind?
Can metaphysics proudly preach
How mind with matter is combined?

With thee, O God! the secret lies;
As well might man attempt to go
Into the secrets of the skies,
As seek such mysteries to know.

King of creation's empire free,
Incomprehensible thou'st proved;
It is enough to know that we
Have been by thee redeemed and loved.

M. B.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER I.

Blenheim Forest and the young Collegian.

THE mansion of Colonel Clavering, which stood on one of the highlands of the Rappahannock, was the most ancient as well as one of the noblest country-seats in Virginia. It was built at a period when all the necessary material for a structure of its pretensions had to be brought from England, except the granite, which was obtained from a neighboring quarry; and with its lofty windows whose massive frames were filled with the small diamond-shaped glass of the olden time, opening to the lawn, its gray, ivy-covered walls and antique wings, which were connected with the main building by balconies, to which arch and pillar combined to give strength as well as beauty, it looked like the record of a by-gone age, which had taken note of time as it passed, but smiled with scorn on the "effacing fingers of decay." The present proprietor was descended from a family which, for generations, had been the pride and the boast of the old Dominion, and the members of which were as far famed for their amiability and worth as for their chivalrous bravery and staunch adherence to the church of England. The annals of their country had adorned with bright testimonials the names of some of the Claverings, three of whom perished on the sea in defence of their flag and the honor of their native land; others fell amid the carnage and thunders of a battle-field, while some lived to wear with dignity their well earned laurels, and give a tone to the councils of state. Two, graduates of old Oxford, returned home from England before the oppressed colonies, in righteous defiance, threw off their chains and declared themselves independent and free; and they were distinguished as pious clergymen of the established religion, remarkable for their talents, eloquence, and a deep-settled opposition to the church of Rome. Colonel Clavering inherited from his progenitors many admirable qualities of mind and heart, and, as a necessary consequence, some of their principles, the most important of which was to look on all religions, except his own, as corrupt and schismatical.

His elegant and discriminating taste for improvements adorned without disturbing the grandeur of the old family mansion, and rendered his plantation a perfect Eden. The only modern addition to the house was a spacious portico in front, into which a large glass door opened from the library. Its roof was supported by eight marble pillars, about which innumerable vines were so interwoven, one with another, that they formed an almost impenetrable screen from the sun, and a comfortable shelter from the sometimes chill air of the river. The house itself—with its wide hall and long corridors, its suite of spacious drawing-rooms and sleeping apartments, its large dining parlor, which in olden time was opened only on grand occasions, and library—was all furnished in a style sufficiently modern to correspond with the age, and yet so regulated as to present an admirable harmony with its ancient construction. In the rear of and skirting the ornamented portion of the ground, stood in majestic grandeur a forest or grove of gigantic oaks, forming a somewhat sombre though beautiful relief to the light and elegance of the foreground. Throughout this splendid grove vistas had been cut, opening a view of the river on one hand, and of the old mansion on another; here could be seen beautiful undulating lands in bright perspective; there, rocky heights and gloomy precipices frowning, with solemn and picturesque brows, over the rushing river. Here, under the direction of Mrs. Clavering's good taste, leafy arbors had been erected, and shady recesses formed, close by some gurgling foun-

tain, affording a blessed retreat where the wood notes wild of summer birds, and the rustling of leaves,—as the wind swept with long-drawn breath through the lofty forest aisles,—and the distant murmur of the ever flowing river, made rich music among those shady solitudes. The lawn sloped in gentle declivities to the banks of the Rappahannock, and presented in its well arranged clusters of ornamental trees, and innumerable flowering shrubs, a rich and beautiful scene, interspersed as they were with a few graceful statues, which looked, in their modest and chaste loveliness, like the presiding spirits of the place. Here might be seen peeping out from the shade of the silver maple, and the guardian-like foliage of the tree of heaven, a light and fairy temple, filled with the choicest and fairest exotics, nestling under festoons of vines, with starry flowers; and there, on an elevated and moss covered knoll, a summer house, with Gothic doors and pointed windows, by the side of some old beech, from whose venerable branches, leaning earthward with age, swept in long festoons the golden jessamine and coral woodbine.

It was night, and the radiant moon was shedding a holy beam over earth and sky, while the waves of the river shone with a restless joy, and the dark green foliage of bright eyed flowers and ruby buds made long Gothic shadows on the silent sward, as they caught, in falling, the silvery flood. Every part of the old gray mansion was wrapped in shade, except the portico, and as the fresh wind, in fitful numbers, stole gently up and parted the tangled vines, as tenderly as a mother would part the sunny curls from the brow of a slumbering child, the radiance gushed through the trembling leaves and reposed with tremulous motion on the marble floor, giving to that shaded spot, where the white Provence roses hung like pendant pearls, a tranquil and sacred aspect which it is impossible to describe. By the mellowed moonlight, and the glowing hues from a stained lamp that hung from the arched roof, a table was discernible, covered with elegantly bound books and a few old musty volumes, which told that the student could fathom the depths of more solid lore, as well as appreciate the beauties and gems of light and elegant literature. There, too, were writing implements and closely written manuscripts, which appeared to have been thrust away in a fit of haste or impatience. As the winds swept past, a harp, until now unseen, responded to its whisper in accents of wild though most exquisite melody, startling from deep reverie a young man who was reclining with half closed eyes on a couch in the most sheltered corner of the portico.

"Pshaw! I thought it was Isadora! how keenly vibrates the slightest interruption on thoughts like mine. Even the music of yon harp, which most persons would fancy was touched by the finger of some wandering spirit, presents no angelic imaginations to my poor brain."

Thus exclaimed Louis—the only child and heir to the untarnished name and immense estates of Col. Clavering. He had in his boyhood been destined for the bar, but, after a few years spent at old William and Mary's, all the variations of his truly gifted mind seemed blending with sure and certain earnestness to a religious and meditative life. This predilection was encouraged more by the example than the advice of the Rev. Professor L—— and Dr. Atwood, both inmates of the college, and instructors to large classes of theology, philosophy, and ancient history. He imagined he saw in their lives an exemplification of the highest requisitions of religion, to which their gentlemanly and dignified demeanor added a graceful charm. After some opposition from his father, who was greatly disappointed in his legal views, he commenced a course of reading and study which was prescribed by the amiable Bishop M..... of Virginia. Nothing could surpass the heartfelt pleasure of his two venerable friends, who in every way smoothed the difficulties of his arduous pursuits, and conversed frequently and familiarly with him on the intricacies of theological study, aiding him by the explanation and the comparison of original texts, for he was not yet proficient enough in Hebrew and Greek to accomplish this without assistance. Every thing was gliding on smoothly and pleasantly. The Colonel and Mrs. Clavering saw their son rapidly approaching manhood, pious, talented, elegant in manners, and accomplished; and now, what more on earth could they wish for? The Colonel was proud of his acquirements; and, in sociable and confidential discourse with his lady, congratulated himself and her on the prospect in future of

seeing their beloved son occupying the highest dignity in the church. But a change was coming over the "spirit of the young man's dream," and in secret his heart was troubled as he saw certain immaculate visions melting away, like snow under the influence of the sun. The Jesuits in disguise at Oxford had given to the world some of their wonderful discoveries, and already the Anglican church had felt the shock of coming throes in their strange and startling doctrines. Consubstantiation and transubstantiation had their able advocates, and auricular confession, purgatory, veneration for the Blessed Mother of God, intercession of saints, and ancient ceremonies, were the theme of the "Tracts for the Times," and other publications; and so exactly were they found to correspond with the doctrines of the early Christians, who believed and advocated them, that a spirit of keen inquiry was soon abroad, and not a few were found who received with joy even the shadow of that faith from whose teaching their fathers had departed, and from which they had derived the scanty substance of their own religion.

Clavering read with pain and distrust, and as he compared, day after day, with earnest scrutiny, the origin of the church of England with the divine origin of that faith to which the Spirit of truth had been promised for ever, he grew more and more dissatisfied with the result of his ecclesiastical studies. He began to discover with the Tractarians that a pure religion must conform in all its sacramental institutions, as well as in its system of polity, with the rule of faith laid down by Christ himself, to be worthy of its divine, and eternal Founder. He scanned with discerning eye the apostolic age, when those who preserved the Holy Scriptures amid persecution and death, transmitted them with many sacred and discreet lessons to after ages; when men received also and held fast "the unwritten traditions of the apostles," and acknowledged but one priesthood under one visible head. The fruits of this blessed unity were seen in the virtues of innumerable saints, in the conversion of heathen nations, in the blood of martyrs; it was witnessed also in the blessings of civilization, which were every where diffused when Europe had been overrun with barbarous tribes; then it was that the kindling of new and brilliant lights in the fane of ecclesiastical learning spread far and near the beams of knowledge; then, too, collegiate institutions and seminaries, without number, where holy men and angelic doctors led the ductile mind of youth into the paths of humility, learning, and religion, were founded and flourished under its benign influence! It is very true that the historians, ancient and modern, with whom the young student was familiar, bore partial and one-sided testimonies; but they were unable to conceal the plain truths which they affected to condemn, attributing to the influence of the reformation the golden fruits of the ages of faith, and treating with contemptuous scorn the very religion whose sacred dogmas had been travestied by the reformers for unholy ends. The truth-seeking and chivalrous mind of Clavering penetrated all this grossness, and while he raised his eyes in admiration of the primitive ages, which were essentially Catholic, he turned with burning cheek to that era which marked the establishment of the Anglican church, when Henry VIII shook off, with his allegiance to Rome, his virtue and honor, and, wrapping himself in a mantle stained with the vilest crimes, stood arrogantly forth, claiming the high prerogative of being the head of a new national religion! And how rendered national? By divine and heavenly influences? Hundreds of martyrs who suffered death under the despotic tyranny of himself and his immediate successors, rather than concede one iota of their ancient and beloved faith to the strange heresy, can answer! So also can the ancient penal codes of England, and the recorded deeds of "unprincipled ministers—a rapacious aristocracy, and a servile parliament." Such were the "instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome—a work begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, and continued and concluded by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest."* He saw the land which once smiled with peace and hospitality, and exulted in the glory of her monuments under the sacred influence of the faith of Rome, laid waste and desolate as the storm of the reformation had swept away, leaving behind its whirlwind path wrecks, ruins, and imprints of sacrilegious deeds! Then, amidst all these thoughts which so occupied

* Edinburg Review.

LIBRARY
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the mind of Clavering, came the "Tracts for the Times," with sentiments endorsed by the most talented and pious divines in England, and tending with specious steps towards a reunion with Rome; and, as if to destroy all the lingering admiration he felt for the fabric of his religion, he found one day on an obscure shelf, covered with cobwebs and dust, a copy of Cobbett's coarse, though quaint and truth-telling History of the Reformation!

"Alas!" exclaimed the young student to his friend Dr. Atwood, to whom he had related his difficulties; "it is useless to argue the point any longer. We claim for our religion a divine origin! Behold the founders of our faith! We claim for it gifts by which Christ himself has declared that his church shall be known; and we see them rejected and sometimes ridiculed as 'rags of popery!' Professor L—— tells me to rest satisfied that confession and priestly absolution are still believed and practised by the church; you say that they are *not* necessary, and that the general confession and absolution, pronounced once a week in our churches, are a strict fulfilment of the injunction and dispensation which give to the ordained the power of 'binding and loosing the consciences' of men. I am lost in a maze of conjecture and doubt!"

"Which, this vulgar and abusive book," said Dr. Atwood, sharply, laying his hand on Cobbett's Reformation, "has in no wise tended to soothe. Let me advise you, Louis, to cast all these idle and prejudicial notions to the wind, and pray for guidance and grace from on high. Believe me that these mistaken men who are thus rending the 'seamless garment of Christ' with their high-handed heresies and popish doctrines, will after a while come to their proper senses, and recant all their vain opinions, making thereby our holy religion still more effulgent by the withdrawal of their now troublesome mysticisms. Dreadful—dreadful indeed," added the doctor earnestly, "is this effort to bring us again under the yoke of Antichrist: the proud arrogance, the overweening priestcraft, the ignorance and gloom of the dark ages!"

"Now, by my honor," exclaimed Clavering, "this is too much! Excuse me, my respected friend, but to my truth-seeking eyes those very ages which have been 'stigmatized as dark and barbarous,' appear to me, even from the unwilling facts elicited from prejudiced history, to have been in 'strict conformity to their divine model; they were at the same time poor and rich, humble and sublime, below a certain standard of physical improvement, yet marvellous in the manifestation of the power and majesty of God—'All humility was comprised in their majesty and all majesty in their humility.' Men who then existed passed on, as if in solemn procession, encouraging each other to persevere in following the royal road of the cross.' Oh that I had then lived! Then might my humble footsteps have joined this band of holy pilgrims, and walked unheeding 'through a world which is not our home; through a world which always stood aloof when it did not persecute, and scowled on them with disdain and hatred; in the blessed hope of being able to reach the portals of that celestial city, through whose gates had passed the King of glory, and which were again opened for his lowly followers.'"*

"My dear sir," said Dr. Atwood to the enthusiastic young man, "you can do all this, methinks, without making a transmigration of your soul to the dark ages!"

"Dark ages!" again interrupted Clavering; "rather say, doctor, ages of humility, or of what the divine sentence terms poverty of spirit, in public and private life, in the institutions of states, in philosophy, in education; no one can deny this who has regard to the facts of history. But, as you say, I can imbibe the spirit of those ages without the aid of transmigration, and, heaven helping me, I will. I shall start to-morrow," he said abruptly, "for Blenheim Forest."

"Do, my dear Louis, do," replied Dr. Atwood earnestly: "you have been too much of late among books and unprofitable discussions. The quiet shades of Blenheim Forest will administer soothing reflections to your disordered mind, and you will no doubt soon recover the equilibrium you have lost."

"Pshaw!" said Clavering as the good doctor left the room; "wordy sentences without ideas!"

The truth is, he was vexed and excited by the calm and self-sufficient tone of the doctor's language, but it was only a momentary departure from the placidity of his usually gentle and quiet soul, and the next instant

* Digby's Ages of Faith.

he was filled with regret and sorrow at having spoken perhaps too warmly to the friend he loved, but even while he felt thus repentant he could not recall a truth he had uttered, for it was the result of calm, unprejudiced, and deliberate examination.

CHAPTER II.

Blenheim Forest and its inmates.

Mrs. Clavering was surprised at her son's unexpected return; but as he complained of over much study, and looked really ill, both the colonel and herself were delighted that he had thus prudently retired from college. But he was changed—there was a restless anxiety about him, and at times an excitability of manner utterly foreign to his happy and amiable temperament; he courted solitude, and, in spite of his apology for returning home, was more than ever devoted to his studies and pen. The beautiful retreat in which we found him was his favorite haunt, and here his mother, who was anxiously solicitous about his health, now sought him.

"Louis," she said, as she entered from the library door and discovered him, "you make me miserable, my child."

"Dear mother," he replied, rising and offering her a seat beside him, "how? What mean you? Surely you would not make a hot-house plant of me now!"

"No, my boy," said she, smiling, "but you often fall asleep here after a day of intense study, and can with difficulty be persuaded to seek your apartment. It needs no leech's skill to tell how damp and unwholesome the night air is, and I already see the effects of it in your pale, feeble countenance."

"Imagination, dearest and most beloved mother," exclaimed young Clavering: "I never felt better in my life. Why, I have a fancy for sleeping here altogether. I think it would make me more hardy."

"Nonsense, my dear," answered Mrs. Clavering; "how have you spent this day in our absence, and where?"

"Here."

"All day?"

"Yes, dear mother, here."

"And Isadora?"

"Here, too, here in this lovely spot that you yourself have adorned and taught me to love and made a perpetual temptation to me. Grow not jealous of it, but come, dear mother, whenever the fancy suits you, and make me talk; heed not my selfish studies, but interrupt them as often as you please with your grateful voice and smiles. I am at your service, mother."

"Or rather, Louis," said the lady gravely, "I am at yours; you would have it so, it seems. I wish, however, to speak with you seriously about those same studies."

"Gramercy, what now? My studies, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, I know not what to make of the medley you have around you. Your manuscripts too contain strange sentiments to emanate from the pen of one professing the faith you do."

"Do not my verses suit you, dear mother?" asked Clavering, endeavoring to evade her meaning. "I know your judgment is correct, therefore tell me what is amiss in my little sketches. As to my theories, they are mere deductions, the consequences of an inventive brain. Heigh, ho! I think I will some day be an architect."

"Your criticisms, my son, on your classical studies I do not even pretend to understand, or your light compositions to condemn; it is all well enough, I dare say; but, Louis, there is a more serious matter still, one which involves high and sacred principles. I can not understand," said Mrs. Clavering, drawing from her pocket a torn and blotted piece of paper, "how you can pen such sentiments as these: 'If I find this religion false, then none other can be true, and wo unto me, for infidelity must claim me as one of its most decided partisans;' then occur words that read thus—'worldly stratagems, plausible sophistries.' I found this scrap of paper this morning on the lawn, almost defaced by dew blots, and I can not feel sufficiently thankful that it was picked up by me instead of your father. It is strange, my son, and I must hear from your own lips the meaning of this infidelity."

"Ah! mother," said he, quite pale and serious, "you have touched the chord. Infidel! Oh! no, God lives for ever! and I trust yet to find a religion—a faith one and indivisible, worthy of a divine origin, on which I may repose my fainting hopes securely!"

Mrs. Clavering was touched by his softened and earnest manner, but answered:

"You rave, Louis!"

"I reason, mother; I am quite calm, and have thought long and seriously on this subject."

"Whence have you gleaned these notions, my child? Have you studied the Bible among other things that have engrossed you?"

"Yes, mother, studied, pored over it, if you will; and in its sacred pages I have traced out an authority for all the various and conflicting doctrines which claim the Bible as their origin. And yet those sectaries who claim it as an infallible guide, rejecting tradition, I have seen, even in my day, separate, and as they do so, multiply new opinions and found new religions diametrically opposed to each other, still crying out with senseless clamor, 'We are right, for, lo! the Bible is our guide.' As if," and he spoke with some bitterness, "the God of truth and majesty would acknowledge such prevaricating contradictions as emanating from him. And in the blessed book, mother, which is thus the watchword of bickering sects, I have found, in beautiful and uninterrupted harmony, promise after promise made by Christ to the church which he himself established; and that he gave, as an earnest of their fulfilment, miraculous gifts to his disciples, which have always been witnessed among them; and also his holy and infallible Spirit to guide them until the 'consummation of time.' How often also from the sacred page do I find our Lord inculcating lessons of unity among his followers, declaring that a 'house divided against itself must fall!' That this unity exists, and that there is, as the gospel declares, but one God, one faith, one baptism, I can not doubt. Hitherto I have not found it, or seen more than the fleeting shadow of it; and, if it exists not in the Roman Catholic church, I must give up Christianity in despair, and persuade my soul that all religion is a phantasy. That this faith does exist, I truly believe," he said earnestly, "for the express word and promises of the God-man are my assurance, and that it is guided by the Holy Ghost, whose authority will shield its followers from those opposing winds of doctrine which toss mankind about in various currents, all as diametrically opposite to each other as is darkness to light. Yet these different systems all point with self-righteous hands to the Bible, and claim it as the foundation of their different creeds. Heaven help the world!"

"A Catholic would say," said Mrs. Clavering timidly, "that this comes from the rejection of tradition."

"Exactly," answered her son, unheeding in his earnest pursuit of the subject the strange remark, strange as coming from her, "exactly so. They reject tradition as fables, little reflecting that to this source they are indebted for the authenticity of the holy writings. Pshaw! dear mother," he said, after a pause of some minutes, in a voice trembling with emotion, "indeed, indeed, I know not whither to fly for consolation. Oh!" pressing his hand on his flushed brow, "whither shall my wandering footsteps go! Doubts and fears agonize my mind; angel guardians! come to rescue, and guide me out of the mazes of this labyrinth!"

Mrs. Clavering, in drawing her watch from her bosom, unconsciously displayed a small golden cross attached to a finely wrought chain about her neck. The moonlight fell directly on it, and it stood out in beautiful and bold relief against the dark folds of her dress, like a star of peace, or the angel spirit which he had evoked, coming thus unexpectedly to direct his way and whisper of rest and consolation.

"Mother, mother," he exclaimed, starting forward, "what means this? What means this visible sign of a church which I thought my father and yourself detested, hidden and treasured in your bosom, like a sacred memorial?"

"It was my mother's, Louis," said Mrs. Clavering, confused and thrusting it hastily back to its hiding place, "I wear it merely as a souvenir of days gone and for ever."

"And a most proper souvenir for a Christian's breast it is, emblem of salvation, teacher of humility! Right glad am I, dear mother, that you wear it."

Mrs. Clavering sighed deeply, and said: "my mother, my good mother was a Catholic, and——

"And you, my dearest mother," asked Clavering anxiously, "were you also a Catholic?"

"Some other time, my child, some other time you will know all—see, here comes our Isadora—come, my dear," said Mrs. Clavering to her, "come, aid me to cheer away the sadness of this gloomy knight of the books!"

"Ah! my dear aunt," replied the young lady, playfully, "yon gloomy knight is too

much petted; what with this and his books his brain is fairly turned!"

"Yes, fair lady," answered the young man, smiling, "almost turned; but come, Isadora, play for me some wild, sad old tune, and sit just here where the moonbeams will fall on you—now—just so." A moment after he plucked two or three white Provence roses and laid them gently on her head. She turned to look in his face, while a smile of joy and pleasure irradiated her beautiful features; but Clavering had already forgotten the tribute of admiration he had offered, and was gazing with abstracted eye on the shining river. After playing a few touching airs, she arose gently and gathered up the roses which had fallen from her head, and placing them on her bosom, left the portico.

"Gone!" said Clavering, starting as the library door closed with a slight noise. "Dear Isadora, how rude, how unkind has been my conduct—nay, how surly! but to-morrow I will make it up to her by neglecting my books and thoughts, at least for one day! thoughts," he said, "yes, thoughts which, indefinite and unformed as they are, and without system, will, I hope, yet lead me into the church of God—but how?—how? Thank God," exclaimed Clavering, as if a sudden inspiration had dawned on his soul; "the means of impartial inquiry are open to me. I just now remember to have heard an old friend and class-mate of mine, who is half Catholic, speak often and in the highest terms of a certain Father Francis Aylmer, a resident of Baltimore. To him will I immediately write and explain my perplexities, and beg the favor of him to send me forthwith books explanatory of the Catholic faith."

"Louis, my dear Louis," said Mrs. Clavering, who had been sitting wrapped in profound thought, "be not too hasty—ah! recollect your father and his violent prejudices!"

But he heard her not, and was rapidly penning a letter, which was soon finished and sealed.

"There, mother," he said, as he observed her regarding him with a pained and anxious expression; "this letter will either bring to your child messengers of peace and rest, or tokens that my last days will be despairing and God-forsaken! I have enclosed a certain sum in this letter, and to-morrow with my own hands will I consign it to the post."

After a mutual good night and a kiss imprinted by the maternal lips on the brow of her child, the two separated until the following day.

CHAPTER III.

Isadora.

Isadora Seymour was a distant relation of Col. Clavering, and on the decease of her parents she had been placed with a large fortune under his guardianship. It was generally believed, among the neighboring gentry that some arrangement had been made relative to a marriage between the colonel's son and ward, and as this rumor was never directly contradicted, but rather encouraged, it became quite a settled thing to say that they were positively betrothed. Isadora had always been accustomed to regard her relative as a being of a higher order than herself; in fact, his manly form, his fine intellect, his highly poetic and religious temperament, imparted a kind of moral sublimity to his character, which to her admiring heart made him an idol worthy of her unbounded devotion. She was herself possessed of many excellent qualities. Nature had indeed, in her case, been lavish of her gifts; endowing her with every external attraction, which received a high worth from an intelligent mind and a virtuous heart. Heroines of romance are generally described as being utterly faultless; their virtues are magnified into miracles; their tears are counted; they can not move without being besieged by a host of suitors. When they speak, pearls and diamonds fall from their lips; the wickedness and malice of a world seem to conspire against the unfortunate beings; but by wonderful and extraordinary adventures they overcome all, and finally see their persecutors at their feet, and find themselves exalted almost to a level with the angels. Such is a heroine of the imaginary world; but, alas! there are some really living; and some who have died, young and highly gifted, around whose hearts the biting realities of life's shadows have closed, whose eyes have ceased weeping only when death gently closed them; ah! yes, such have lived and endured, while living, strange agonies, as they passed a rugged way—a dark and thorny path, to the cold pillow of their silent repose. . . . . .

"Isadora," said Col. Clavering, taking her by the hand the next morning, as she was

passing in to the breakfast-room, "can you spare me a few moments after breakfast in the library? I have some grave matters to talk to you about."

"Certainly, uncle," she replied, "and you will find more wisdom in me, perhaps, than you expect. You know Louis often forgets himself, and reads and thinks aloud, and by this means I have become quite learned."

"We shall see, lady philosopher," said the colonel, laughing; "meanwhile our muffins will be cold, unless we hurry on. I caught a glimpse of our lady Bountiful just now, looking rather impatient as she stood at the head of the table."

They entered the library after breakfast, and Col. Clavering seated himself in his study-chair, while Isadora drew a tabouret from a recess, and seating herself at his feet, leaned on his knee in the most childlike manner, and looking confidingly in his face, waited with some impatience for him to begin the conference; but the dignified and elegant colonel appeared confused, and at a loss for the first time in his life.

"My dear," he said at last, "when I tell you that I have the happiness of a life depending on certain matters which you can decide, I hope you will not think my proposition strange or impertinent."

"Dear uncle," she replied, "you alarm me; but, speak; certainly, as far as I can, I will give you any necessary information you require."

"Thank you, Isadora—thank you, my dear; it is in your power to give me much, and I will to the point at once. You have, without doubt, observed how much more than formerly Louis secludes himself from society, how reserved his manners are gradually becoming, and how much more feeble his health is. There must be some secret cause for this! Can you give me any clue whereby I may find the root of this evil, which is thus undermining his tranquillity and health?"

"I can not, indeed, sir," said Isadora, who had become very pale. "My cousin devotes too much time, perhaps, to his books."

The colonel appeared lost in thought some minutes; at last, looking Isadora full in the face, he said:

"Do you think he has ever seen any one who has claimed his affections? Tell me, Isadora."

"Indeed—indeed, sir, I know not! I know less of Clavering than any one else on earth!"

Colonel Clavering took her hand in his, and pressing it, said earnestly:

"My dear child, you have doubtless heard the rumor concerning an engagement between Louis and yourself; well, what I wish to ascertain is this: has my son ever manifested for you any further sentiments than those of a fraternal attention?"

"Never, sir," said the trembling young woman in a low voice, "never!"

"Tell me, dear Isadora, and believe me, whatever may pass between us now will be silent and sacred as the grave; tell me if Louis, if my son were to offer you his heart and hand, could you return his affection? Would you consent to be his?—to pass along through life together, cheering his fainting spirit, and rousing him from those dreamy studies and speculative thoughts in which he is so wrapped? Speak, Isadora—alas! have I hoped in vain? Is thus the dearest hope of my age to be crushed, as it were, in a breath!"

"Sir! sir!" exclaimed Isadora, turning her white face to his,—"you pain me. I beg you cease. Clavering has no thoughts of me; indeed, uncle, he has not!"

"But how know you this, Isadora? *I* have reason for saying that he is devotedly attached to you," said the colonel—and so he believed.

"Oh heaven! what is this I hear?" exclaimed Isadora; "uncle, uncle! as a man of honor, I command you to deceive me not in this matter."

"Fear me not, Isadora," said the colonel proudly, "I have reasons for believing what I say. Could you respond to the sentiment?—this is all I wish to know. Answer me candidly, my child, and quickly, for I see Louis coming towards the portico."

"Uncle," she said, rising calmly—but her face wore the hue of death, and her footsteps faltered—"you have discovered my secret. Betray me not."

The door opened, and Clavering entered in time to receive her as she swooned away.

"What has happened, Isadora? Father, what means—"

But the colonel, looking on this as a special interference of Providence in his favor, had hurried out to seek his lady, and send in necessary assistance, hoping that in the meantime

Isadora might recover, and Clavering, in the excitement of this rather romantic incident, express sentiments corresponding with hers.

"Angelic face!" whispered the student; "would that I could shield it from storms and tears for ever! would that I could insure thee some faithful heart to lean on, which would hide thee from the rude blasts of coming realities! Isadora—Isadora—speak to your brother, your friend!"

The suspension of life's faculties was now passing away, and she soon opened her eyes languidly, and found herself reclining in her cousin's arms. With a burning blush rapidly mantling her pale face, she raised herself with an effort, and begged him to leave her and request his mother to come to her assistance. Mrs. Clavering, however, in obedience to the colonel's summons, now entered the library, and putting her arm around the delicate form of Isadora, wisely forbearing to question her, almost bore her to her apartment.

Some days had elapsed, and Clavering, unconscious of the revelation made by his father to Isadora, paid her the most assiduous attentions. He saw that something distressed her; he knew that she had been ill; and when he thought of the many times she had sacrificed her time and recreations to read to him or listen to his favorite authors, to play and sing for him in their favorite retreat, to exert all her innocent powers of pleasing to cheat him from his sometimes misanthropic gloom, all the chivalry inherent in his generous nature was called forth, and he determined to make some amends for past negligence, and try to repay some of her unwearied kindness. Isadora was happy. Often did they wander by the moonlit river, or, seated in some shaded recess on its banks, talk of all the bright and beautiful things of earth; he pouring forth the riches of his cultivated mind, she listening as if to an inspired oracle. Among her flowers and birds, over her drawing and music, he was by her side, and his whole deportment seemed to her a tacit declaration of what his father had told her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

(From our European Correspondent.)

ITALY.—*Italian scenery, devotions, charities, ruins, &c.*—VILLA MONTALLO, NEAR FRASCATI, *Aug.* 31, 1844.—DEAR B——, Behold me once more among the beautiful and classical hills of ancient Tusculum. Although among the interruptions and distractions of the beginning of vacations, it will be probably a week before I can get settled down to a regular attention to my letter, still I begin at once, and date from this first afternoon of our arrival; for indeed one of the greatest pleasures I have felt in the approach of our departure from the smoky city was in the anticipation of the pleasant communing I would hold with you while fulfilling my promise to send you a good long letter. These hills always remind me of our mountain [at Emmitsburg], and for the last two or three weeks, whenever I got sight of our white palace perched half way up the hill, and half hid in green foliage, just like our mountain church from the mount itself, my thoughts ran back to the first happy years I spent there, and to the brother who watched over me in that little world of strangers, and to whom I owed still more, from his having acquired such a name, that it secured me protection and even affection simply to call myself his brother. Be assured that I will not think less of the mountain and yourself now that I actually feel the light bracing air, and when I ramble through woods and over rocks, and particularly when I stand at the little balcony and see the similarity between the actual view and that we used to enjoy from the terrace before the church, when we went up to say beads on Sunday and Thursday evenings. Where we used to look for Taneytown and try to distinguish one steeple from another, just in that direction I look for Rome, and, if the haze permits, distinguish the noble front of St. John of Lateran from the still nobler dome of St. Peter's. As we stretched out far as we could to get a glimpse of the Sugar Loaf, just so I lean out far as I can and strain my eyes to discover a white streak, all that appears of the famed Tivoli [Tiburnum]; the rest seems to lie hid in a deep gorge among the hills. Half way between that and Rome (just about where we used to speculate that *if* it were not for Parr's ridge and some other obstacles, we *might* see Washington's monument) rises, something like the same Sugar Loaf, the lonely peak Sorack, with its head still white, not always with snow, as when Horace

sang of it, but with a monastery large enough to be seen at this distance of more than twenty miles. Where we had a glimpse of Emmitsburg through the trees, there the sun sets in full view behind the Mediterranean, of which enough of the waters are visible to show up a long and broad road of melted gold, when the godlike charioteer is descending towards it. Sometimes we can see the little craft fishing for sardines; and also the steamers coasting between Naples and Genoa. There is one point left vacant in my Italian landscape; where I would look for St. Joseph's, there is nothing but the broad dreary Campagna, just such a place as I fancy the fields of St. Joseph's might be now, if they had not received life and beauty from the smiles of charity. But I have let poetry take the place of truth, for there are still the creek and the hills and the woods—here it is a large brown plain. One pleasant association it has, for partly across this and partly across the sea, we enjoy the Italian sunsets. I have not been fortunate enough to see more than a few of them, and of these only two that I remember, would I compare with those I have seen in our own America. I doubt whether in magnificence and sublimity they ever equal those we have amid the glorious piles of clouds left after one of our thunder storms in spring. I think their beauty depends, to the contrary, on the great serenity of the sky, and consists in the extent, richness and delicacy of the tints; and whether in these points they surpass some that I have seen on a clear summer's evening at home, I cannot determine.

About twenty yards down in the woods, outside of our villa, is a little semi-circular oratory, large enough for three or four persons to stand in, but the road before it has been widened, so that a hundred or more can see at once the little altar and picture of the madonna: it is in the midst of a large wood of fine oaks, and one tree of extraordinary size and height rises immediately behind it, and spreads out its branches in a canopy, as if on purpose to shelter it.

We go down there just at sun set, the oratory is illuminated both within and without, and as it grows dark the woods and the road are lit up with fancy colored lanterns. After some few prayers is heard a handsome hymn, the singers with some instruments being in a little grotto, hid among the trees, and afterwards rises the *Kyrie Eleison* of one of those beautiful litanies which I think only Italians can compose. I often wonder why I never heard the litany sung in America except at the mountain and St. Joseph's; it seems to be the daily bread of Italian piety, almost always preceding the benediction of the blessed sacrament, and forming with it the favorite, and I think most fruitful devotion the people have. I do not think there is a child seven years old that does not know it in Latin; if they make a novena, it consists of beads, litany and benediction; if they make an octave, it is the same; if a three days' prayer for rain, or for fair weather; if a festival of a patron saint, or the anniversary of some benefit received, always, always the litany of Loretto. Hence it is also a favorite subject for musical composers, so that there is almost an endless variety. In college here we have a collection of eighty, for every kind of choir, and almost any number of voices, and some of them are esteemed classical compositions. I would like to send or bring you one or two handsome ones. If you will tell me for what voices you would wish to have them, I will try to get them copied or copy them myself. I wish that you had a variety of them and made frequent use of them; for I have heard no other music that pleased the ear with so little distraction, or rather so much assistance to devotion; this year our choir promises us the litany most famous for beauty and devotion, that of Borghi, and I almost wish the vacations to end earlier that I may sooner enjoy that little festival, and hear those beautiful strains resounding among the old oaks, in the serenity and obscurity of the Italian evening. I enjoyed it last year, and anticipate double enjoyments this time. How I wish I had some of you here to enjoy it with me, and catch from it some of the spirit and taste with which Italians make religion the most beautiful ornament of their beautiful land. Two days after we came out, the inhabitants of a little town near us, Monte Porcio, held the festival of their patron saint; we were not able to go to it, but I enjoyed almost as much as a feast, a conversation with two laborers whom we met the day before; they lived in the town. Almost the first words were an invitation to come over and see their grand festival. They would have a bishop to sing mass, and there would be a grand procession and wonderful music, and then in the evening, besides the vespers, there would be an illumination and fire-works. For the former they had erected a miniature representation of the cathedral of Milan; Prince Borghese and all the family were to come over, the largest house in town had been prepared for their reception, "in a word, it will be such a thing as has never been seen before." Though I smiled at their simplicity, still from what they said, and from what we have since heard, it certainly was a festival such as few towns of four times its size could get up in America. We asked who paid the expenses, "one-half is paid by the town, and the other half by *us brothers of the sodality.*" I do not know what an English tourist would say of such a waste of time and money; but for my part, as far as those men were concerned, I do not know what better state of things political economy could wish—hard laborers as their appearance showed, yet able to spend something in enjoyment, and

spending it neither selfishly nor wickedly, but in most innocent amusements, shared by the town and all the neighbors who chose to come, and sanctified by their connection with and immediate reference to religion. Prince Borghese resides during the summer in the villa of his younger brother, Prince Aldobrandini, the villa next to ours. The grounds are covered with handsome woods, and immediately around the palace they are laid out with gardens and play-grounds for the children, fitted up for amusements in the English style. The palace itself has a most imposing look from the plain below, being lofty, and rising highest in the centre, elevated on two high terraces, with stairways ascending from one to the other, and the lower being still far above the plain, to which the descent is by a steep, but smooth grassy hill. In front of the palace, that is, between it and the hill (for in all the villas about here the ornamented front is towards the hill), there is a large yard, bounded by the largest fountain, and of the most beautiful architecture that I have seen; only the front is seen, the back of it supports the hill, it is a large semicircle with two straight wings, the water from the Algidus (also sung by Horace) comes falling down the hill in a straight line for two hundred yards, but broken by a series of varied fountains and cascades, and appears here finally in several beautiful jets d'eau; when the front and back doors of the hall are open, a person down in the plain sees through the palace, and has a view of this whole line of water behind; besides the jets d'eau, the fountain has several large niches, the centre one containing a colossal statue of Atlas, with the globe upon his back, another represents a grove with a centaur, trumpet in hand, a third contains old Pan and his pipes; pilasters, columns, and smaller niches, with a great variety of statues, and some panellings, of mosaic, fill up the intervals. In one of the wings is a hall containing a representation of Parnassus with Apollo, and the Muses and Pegasus. The whole pile viewed together with the steep hill behind, covered with noble trees up to the top of the vista opened through them by the line of cascades, forms a beautiful prospect, but they say that all this is forgotten in astonishment and bewilderment, when the canals are suddenly opened, and new jets d'eau pour out from a thousand different points, and in as many directions. The globe sends out a whole shower, the trumpet of the centaur, and the pipes of Pan do the same, and at the same time you hear the trumpet, and pipes, and the various instruments that Apollo and the Muses had—all their sounds distinctly imitated by some kind of water organ, and a large fountain in the centre of the yard stuns us with a volley of artillery. One wing of the fountain terminates in a chapel, the largest and most richly ornamented private chapel that I have seen. I was in it a few mornings ago, when they were just preparing for mass; as we left it, the prince and princess came out of the palace to go to church, but the prince was stopped by three or four poor old women, who were waiting to give him their petitions for charity or some other assistance. He took them as if it was a part of his regular daily duty; and a young Irishman remarked to me: "See the Catholic and the Italian in that little circumstance; in England, instead of a beggar's coming into the front yard, and up to the open door, bull-dogs would warn him not to come too boldly even to their kitchen. The moment too which these women select is characteristic; they come when they hear the bell ringing for mass, and intercept him before the church door." I added another reflection, that even among Catholics with us the beggars would have avoided the prince and appealed to the princess. It is a lesson we have yet to learn, that charity bestowed personally, hand to hand, is as great a duty for gentlemen as for ladies. Another thing worthy of remark, and which I cannot help thinking is also to be attributed, if not immediately to Catholic charity, at least to an instinct which owes its origin to religion, is the disposition to throw open to the public the enjoyments obtained by private wealth. This front yard, with the elegant front of the palace on one side, and that beautiful fountain on the other, the yard itself always nicely gravelled and ornamented with a number of large plane trees, is public, during the summer months, to any one who chooses to come and view it; the gates of the villa are open all day, and any workman passing through it for a short cut, can stop there and enjoy the beauty and freshness at his leisure.

There are no less than six large and handsome villas immediately around us, which are always open for any body to walk in them as he pleases, and one of them laid out with peculiar elegance, and kept in beautiful order, is in fact frequented as a public promenade; yet they are all private property. But let me tell you something of the more conspicuous places in our neighborhood. Our palace (for it is really one) stands on the brow of the hill, just where the ridge is broken by a low and broad gap, so that on the right and on the left, but a little to the rear, there is a pretty high peak, while immediately behind us there is only a gentle roll, which does not hide from us another range of hills about four miles off; with the little town of Rocca di Pappa clustering around a steep and pointed rock, like a swarm of bees.

The top of this rock is just at the edge of a large plain, said to have been originally the crater of a volcano; it is called Hannibal's camp, from the opinion of some that that general placed his army there, on his approach to Rome. Above this arises the steep peak of Monte Cave, the ancient

Mons Latialis; formerly crowned with a temple of Jupiter, a kind of religious centre of union for all the confederated states of Latium. A great part of the ascent is still made along the old Roman road, by which the generals ascended in their minor triumphs.

On the side towards us this peak is not bounded by Hannibal's camp, but descends down to the plain, and in one part down to the classical lake of Albano. The banks of this lake are very high, and towards the edge, they form a ridge, like the edge of a basin, and next to the mountain they are marked by a narrow ledge which breaks the steepness of the descent. Along this ledge and part of the ridge was the site of the famous Alba Longa "*Proca Rex Albanorum*," do you remember it? Back of this lake, divided by a wooded ridge, lies the smaller, but more beautiful lake of Nemi, very deep down its verdant banks, which seem a circular wreath to decorate the clear still surface of "Diana's Mirror." Above lake Albano, on the very steepest part of the hill, is the romantic little chapel, called the Madonna del Tufo; it is said to have been built during the last century, to accomplish a vow made by a traveller, who, passing along a very narrow path, was surprised just at that point by a large block of stone rolling down with such velocity that escape was impossible. The stone stopped suddenly only a few steps above him; and he built this chapel and dedicated it to God, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, in gratitude for her intercession. The block itself serves for an altar-piece, unmoved and unhewn, except in one place to receive the insertion of a small picture. Around and beyond these lakes lie Castle Gandolfo, where the pope generally spends a week in summer, and the larger and more elegant city of Albano, with four or five other towns, all within a good morning's walk of us. Nearer to us, on our own range of hills, on our right as we look towards Rome, are the ruins of ancient Tusculum. There are no houses now where the little city stood; but all around us, and even in our own villa, the ground was covered anciently with the country seats of the Romans, and the whole district was called the Tusculum.

The ruins are found principally on the top of the hill, the site of the city proper. The place of the amphitheatre, for games and combats, is very distinctly marked by the foundations, and some fragments of the wall are still standing fifteen feet high, but all is over-grown with wild vines, and in the centre stands a large fig-tree: below it is an arched passage which runs horizontally into the hill, and probably goes under the whole length of the amphitheatre; but is only open for a few yards.

The plaster of the ceiling seems uninjured; the walls, as in many of the ruins around, are finished within, with little stones about two inches square, arranged in oblique rows; when taken out they are found to be pyramidal and about three inches long, the points are so well fixed in the mortar, that they seem still as tight as a solid wall. The Roman roads are made somewhat in the same way. The stones (of basaltic lava I believe) are a great deal larger and very irregular in shape upon the upper ends, which form the surface of the road, but below they are long and pointed, and so well wedged together, that after so many centuries they are almost immoveable. Above this amphitheatre, there are several pieces of the road still used for their original purpose, and no doubt there is a great deal more yet uncovered. In one place, close along side of it, are the remains of several sepulchres; most of them only defaced piles of stones, but one is more interesting. Its form seems to be triangular, and all around the wall is divided into low niches of various sizes, arched over top and filled below with little earthenware pots, firmly fixed in the mortar. These are the vases for the ashes of the dead. It seems to have been a cemetery for the poor: the vases are still there, but their contents have been removed. Probably what we see is only an upper tier, for the wall continues down below the surface of the present ground, and is plastered and painted with a red color, that preserves its brightness after being so many years covered with the damp dirt. Farther up, the road leads into the Forum, of which nothing but a portion of its pavement, covered with broad flags, has been laid open to view; but at the upper end of it stands the theatre for dramatic representations, which was well cleared and exposed a few years ago, by the queen of Sardinia, to whom the villa which contains it belongs.

There are seven ranges of stone seats, each forming a semi-circle, and rising one behind the other: the floor before the stage and all the stone work of the stage itself, are in excellent preservation, and back of the stage is a large square hole leading to the vaults below. Behind the theatre was a reservoir of water; the columns of rough stone, with parts of the arches that supported the floor are still seen. Finally, just beyond the theatre rises the high peak on which stood the citadel; on three sides, the rock has been cut perpendicular to prevent access; but nothing now remains of the fortifications. Last year the students of the English college, who have their country house not far from this peak, built a tower of the large stones lying about. Three or four of us Americans formed a plan to surprise them, by planting the stars and stripes there: but on the eve of the completion we learned that their intention was to erect a cross upon it, so we abstained from our profaner project. Every year the holders of these lands make excavations, and a great many beautiful objects have been found. The fields are covered with fragments of

earthenware, some of them moulded with beautiful basso-relievos, such as I never would have thought the material was worthy of, or capable of receiving. * * * *

EGYPT.—"*Spread of Popery.*—By the *direct* French post office steamer Alexandre, from Marseilles, we had the arrival, on the 11th inst., of Monsignor Borghi, the vicar apostolic of Thibet and Hindostan, who returns to Agra, via Suez and Bombay, with a suite of some twenty-five persons, composed principally of nuns of the Congregation of Jesus Maria of Lyons. Besides these, however, there are some priests and brothers of the Community of the Holy Travellers. The object of Monsignor Borghi is to establish new missions in various parts of the Peninsula of Hindostan, and to open schools for imparting education to the natives of that country, and subsequently converting them to the doctrines of the church of Rome. Several of the religious ladies are from Ireland, young and full of health, but all of them are more or less conversant with the English language. They only remained here for three days, and then took their departure for Cairo, to make arrangements with the Egyptian transit company for their comfortable conveyance across the Suez desert. The Roman Catholic missions are evidently increasing rapidly all over the east and in India, with pecuniary means proceeding from Italy and Portugal, but principally from the religious associations in France, with much countenance from his holiness the pope. The present party expects much success in its religious labors, in which case, in a short time its numbers will be increased from Europe." —*Presbyterian.*

ENGLAND.—*D'Aubigné's History Reviewed.*—The *London Tablet* thus alludes to Dr. Spalding's *Review of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation:* "This is a useful little volume, and is one which we should wish to see very generally in the hands of the reading Catholic public on both sides of the Atlantic. Indeed, we think by the quantity of useful information which it compresses into a small compass, and delivers to the reader in a lively, vigorous, anecdotic style, it is calculated to be pre-eminently popular. As an antidote to the false views almost always entertained by Protestants, and too often imbibed by Catholics on the subject to which it refers, it is fitted to do extensive service to the cause of the church. The author appears to be a man of considerable erudition, and he has collected his materials far and wide; but the basis of a great part of his labors has been the materials brought together by M. Audin in his lives of Luther and Calvin. A great deal of the most telling and piquant matter from those elaborate works has been brought together in this moderate volume, so as, without entering into a detail of the mighty events of the reformation, to impress upon the reader's mind the color and character of those events and of those times. At the present moment, when the history of the reformation is being made the subject of ever-new Protestant volumes and essays, a book of this sort has even more *value* than *merit*—though merit surely is not wanting in this instance. We mean that the utility of such a collection of facts is undeniable—even if there were any doubts as to the ability of the author."

Puseyites.—We are now, in all probability, on the verge of a considerable secession from our venerable establishment. The fact, we believe to be that Mr. Newman would have gone over to Rome a year ago, could he have carried Dr. Pusey with him. But Dr. Pusey was not ready, and his secession, without Dr. Pusey, would have had comparatively little effect. From the intelligence we have received, we think it probable that about thirty masters of arts, in Oxford, will accompany Mr. Newman, if *Dr. Pusey secedes also;* and we have heard it computed, by those well qualified to form a just opinion of the case, that in Oxford, Cambridge, and over the country at large, there will be, in all, about one hundred of the Tractarians, who will secede to their appropriate place within the bosom of Rome, if Mr. Newman is accompanied by Dr. Pusey.—*London Episcopal Record.*

Mr. Newman.—On the subject of Mr. Newman's alleged letter to Mr. Williams, the *Record* says: "The statement rests on the authority of Richard Ley, Esq., of Brazenose college. He has mentioned Mr. N's letter generally to his friends, and says that he was staying in the same house with Mr. Williams a month ago, and heard of the same letter then and there."—*Tablet.*

Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman.—We have many inquiries respecting the open adherence to the church as well as the doctrines of Rome, of Mr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and others. To these inquiries we are scarcely at liberty to make a full reply. Nearly a month since we received information which warranted the intimation we gave last week; and we observe that a London paper, usually well informed, speaks distinctly of a correspondence between Mr. Newman and Mr. Williams, respecting a remove to Rome, the latter gentleman being reluctant, as well also Dr. Pusey. We have also reason to believe that, ten days since, a conference at which the principal Tractarians assisted, was held here, in which the question of Rome in the church, or Rome in and with Rome, was discussed; the least honest being in the majority! So the movement was postponed. It is said, in Tractarian circles, that about twenty, who are now traitors in the church, are prepared to depart to their own place together, when the signal is given.—*Oxford Chronicle.*

Bible Society.—*To the editor of the Tablet.—Sir:* The publications of the Bible Society are so noted for falsehoods that no Catholic would be misled by them; not so with many of our Protestant neighbors, who contribute largely to its support, and believe, as Gospel truths, most of what it publishes. In *John Bull* and two of our Scotch papers I read the following paragraph, which it might be very well to have contradicted by the *Univers*, as it could easily obtain the requisite information:—"A letter from D. Pressensu, published in the Bible Society's monthly extracts, states that 600, the whole commune of Villafavard, Haute Vienne, became Protestants lately by reading the Bible." This paragraph insinuates that the Catholics of France do not, or are not allowed to read the Scriptures, which every Catholic knows to be false. Catholics may be forbid in France, as they are in other countries, to read what the Protestants would thrust upon them as the Bible, viz., a part of the sacred volume, and that part translated by royal authority to suit Protestant doctrine. Then granting, what I believe untrue, that the commune of 600 became Protestants, we have nearly as many converts from Protestantism annually in Scotland alone. To become what they call a convert to Protestantism, requires you only to say you are not a Catholic; there are no questions asked, no trouble given. To become a Catholic must be after a regular course of instruction, after humility and trial. V. A.

Sir Humphrey Davy.—We have just read an article, which appeared originally in the *British Catholic Magazine*, under the caption *Daviana*. The writer alleges many facts and passages in the life of the great English chemist, to prove that he was very partial to the venerable Catholic faith and worship, and that he was deeply impressed with the sublime beauty of Catholicity; but he, at the same time, fears that the report of Davy's having actually embraced the Catholic faith is unfounded in fact. Now we have had occasion to *know* that Sir Humphrey Davy was conditionally baptized, and regularly received into the Catholic church, by the late zealous and saintly pastor of Geneva. We learned this interesting fact from a distinguished and excellent French clergyman, who heard it from the lips of the Genevan pastor himself.

Ireland.—*The Association for the Propagation of the Faith.*—The monthly receipts by the central committee in Dublin of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith to Monday last, amounted to the sum of 550*l.* It is truly astonishing how poor Ireland so nobly continues to subscribe to every good and generous work. This, however, is first and foremost, as it unites and cheers all Catholic hands and hearts throughout the world.—*Tablet.*

The new Catholic missionary college of All Hallows, Drumcondra, is admirably progressing in every respect. The funds have already amounted to 6,000*l.* of the free and voluntary gifts of the people. In addition to the ecclesiastics already sent to foreign parts and lately to the western part of Scotland, there are fifty-two students in this college. There are eight eminent professors, and the president is most indefatigable in promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of this celebrated seat of piety and learning, which has already conferred such lasting services on the foreign missions, and such glory on Catholic Ireland.—*Ib.*

Episcopal Synod.—The Catholic bishops of Ireland lately assembled in synod at Dublin, for the consideration of several matters of importance, among which the *Charitable bequests act* was the most prominent. Thirteen of the bishops had previously protested against this act, as being "a new penal law of the old leaven, forbidding the dying sinner in his most sincere moments—the time of his last sickness—to redeem his sins by the bequest of a single acre of landed property, for any religious or charitable purpose in our communion." It enacts, also, that Roman Catholics, whether clergymen or laymen, appointed by the crown, shall carry out the penal clause in the *act of emancipation*, which excluded the religious orders from the benefits of this act. It provides for the nomination by the crown of five Catholics, who, if laymen, may be persons of no faith or practical religion; if bishops, they will be called on, as commissioners, to interfere and pronounce in spiritual matters belonging to the jurisdiction of other bishops, which would be a violation of the ecclesiastical canons. Upon the whole, the operation of the *bequests bill* is supposed to have a direct tendency to subject the Roman Catholic church in Ireland to the temporal power. Thirteen of the Irish bishops had protested, as we have said, in a joint address, against the passage of this bill, and in the late synod it was further considered by a more numerous meeting of the prelates. Of the twenty-seven members of the Irish hierarchy, twenty-two were present at the synod, and all were opposed to the bill, either in all or in some of its provisions. "In their anxiety to avoid the appearance of want of concord," says the *Evening Freeman*, "a resolution was agreed to, leaving each prelate to act according to the dictates of his own conscience, with the explicit and unanimous understanding that the agreement does not, directly or indirectly, imply any approbation of the measure, or restrain any prelate from the exercise of his discretion in using every constitutional and canonical means to prevent the act being carried into operation." Sixteen of the prelates are altogether opposed to the bill; eight are in favor of it, with certain modifications, and three have expressed no public opinion on the subject.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE.

3 o'clock, *Adoration.*

V. Christ Jesus became for us obedient even unto death, and the death of the cross; therefore God hath exalted him.

R. Thanks be to God.

We adore thee, Jesus Christ, dying on the cross, and we give thee thanks for thus dying to redeem us. Eternal Father! we offer thee thy beloved Son, bleeding and dying, after having been pierced with nails, stripped of his clothes, overloaded with his cross, crowned with thorns, torn with whips, and bathed in a bloody sweat. Look upon the Divine Victim; accept the ransom of his precious blood, to free us from the bondage of sin. We offer that sacred blood, for the souls in purgatory, in particular for the souls of our departed sisters, and for all other souls for whom we are specially bound to pray; for all in affliction, in sickness, and in the agonies of death; for the conversion of sinners; and for the perseverance of the just. We likewise for ourselves the grace of a holy life; we particularly and humbly entreat thou wilt have mercy on our souls the moment of their departure; ugh the infinite love and sufferings e moment which separated the soul

FRANCE.—*Longevity.*—They write from Boulogne on the 10th inst.: "A most solemn ceremony took place in the church of the Lower City on the 7th inst. Madame Sauvage, who was born on the 7th of November, 1744, celebrated on that day her hundredth anniversary, surrounded by her friends, relatives, sons, grandsons, and great grandsons. The officiating clergyman, M. Dufour, was himself ninety-two years of age. The two sons of Madame Sauvage are aged seventy-two and seventy-five. This respectable lady sees four generations of her descendants. She is in the enjoyment of all her faculties, and no infirmity alters her sweet temper." —*Tablet.*

SWITZERLAND.—*Education.*—After a long debate in the council of Lucerne, it has been finally resolved to call upon the Jesuits for the important work of public education.

PRUSSIA.—Several restrictions relative to the internal administration of the Westphalian convents have been lately abolished by the government.

SPAIN.—The *Univers* of the 6th inst. gives some particulars about the present state of religious affairs in Spain. It states that M. Alacantara Novarro has been authorized by the sovereign pontiff to act as commissary general of the *Cruzada*, and that M. Tarancon, a senator, and bishop elect of a vacant see, will exercise the functions of vicegerent of the apostolic nunciature in Spain. The question between the vicar and the chapter of Toledo is also on the point of being arranged; and thus have the relations between the holy see and the church of Spain been happily recommenced.

CANADA.—On Sunday, 1st Dec. the Most Rev. Archbishop of Quebec was installed into office, and received, at the hands of his coadjutor and the bishop of Montreal, the *Pallium* which had been sent to him by the sovereign pontiff. Very Rev. Mr. Quiblier, superior of the Sulpitians in Canada, preached on the occasion.

LIBERIA.—We regret to learn, that this mission commenced under such favorable auspices by the Right Rev. Dr. Barron, has suffered materially by the death of many of the clergymen who had generously undertaken to share his labors.

APOSTACY AND FALSEHOOD.—Some of the Protestant papers in America have been recommending a work by *Raffaele Ciocci*, a Benedictine monk, entitled, "A narrative of the iniquities and barbarities practised at Rome in the nineteenth century." We are glad to perceive that this work is ably refuted in the September No. of the *Dublin Review*, from which it appears that the *Narrative* of Ciocci is another *Maria Monk* affair, got up for the special exigencies of the times. It would be too great an insult to the intellects of certain editors to say that they recommend such publications for truth's sake. What else then than the blindest bigotry can lead some conductors of the press thus to sanction the foulest calumnies?

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Ordinations.*—On Saturday, December 14th, the Most Reverend Archbishop conferred the order of subdeaconship on Mr. Ceelos, in the metropolitan church. On Saturday, the 21st, the same gentleman and Mr. William D. Parsons were ordained deacons in St. Mary's chapel, on which occasion also Rev. Charles M. Brenan and Rev. Oliver L. Jenkins, deacons, were raised to the holy order of priesthood. On Sunday, the 22d, Rev. Mr. Ceelos was ordained priest in the metropolitan church.

Spiritual Retreat.—The exercises of a spiritual retreat were commenced in St. Peter's church, Baltimore, on the 8th of December, and terminated on the 15th. We learn that they were attended by a large concourse of persons during the week, and were productive of the most beneficial results. Rev. Father McElroy, S. J., conducted the retreat, and several other clergymen were actively engaged in hearing the confessions of the faithful. About seven hundred persons approached the holy communion, and four converts were admitted into the church. Several others were induced to become more earnest in their preparation for entering the pale of Catholic unity. At the close of the spiritual exercises, in the morning, the Most Reverend Archbishop addressed the congregation, in an impressive manner, on the happiness which the past week had brought to them, and in the afternoon the V. Rev. Dr. Deluol preached on the necessity of perseverance.

Catholic Library Association of Baltimore.—An association having been recently formed in Baltimore, with a view to establish a library more especially adapted to the use of the Catholic community, we deem it incumbent on us to call the attention of the public to this important undertaking. In no country, perhaps, which enjoys the blessings of Christian civilization, are institutions of this kind more needed than in our own; not that we are inferior to other portions of the world in the general diffusion of knowledge, but because the wide spread of religious error on the one hand, and the pernicious influence of the prevalent utilitarian principles on the other, require in the Catholic body a powerful counteraction, which is to be found, not in knowledge of any description, but in that knowledge particularly which, in fitting a man for the usual professions and avocations of life, will at the same time render him a worthy advocate of religion and guard him against the immoral tendencies of the times. This consideration merits more attention than is, we think, generally given to it by the Catholic community; it is certainly one which

would lead to much more profitable results than the mere cultivation of the newspaper and the novel. But it cannot be denied that the sources of useful information are in a great degree closed against certain classes of the community, who either have not the means to provide a sufficient library for this purpose, or whose habits and circumstances cause them to apply their attention to other objects. These obstacles, however, are to a great extent removed by the establishment of circulating libraries and reading rooms, which become places of attraction and useful resort, and open to all, at a very moderate expense, the channels of knowledge. The CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION of Baltimore will no doubt be appreciated amongst us, and be extensively patronized both by those who may promote its ends in the way of donations, as by others who hope to be benefited by the use of the library. The society has been organized by the adoption of a constitution, which requires the holding of annual and monthly meetings, and makes other specifications conducive to the welfare of the institution. The library and reading room will be established at the house adjoining Calvert Hall. At every quarterly meeting, and also at the general meeting of the society, every member shall pay the sum of twenty-five cents. Any person subscribing fifteen dollars, or making a donation of books to the amount of thirty dollars, will be entitled to the privilege of membership for life.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Ordination.*—The sacred order of subdeaconship was conferred, on Saturday in Ember week, in the cathedral, on Hugh McLaughlin. On the same occasion the sacred order of deaconship was conferred on John Flanagan and William Jennings, all students of the theological seminary of St. Charles Borromeo.—*Cath. Herald.*

DIOCESS OF CINCINNATI.—*Episcopal Visitation.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell confirmed thirty-nine persons at St. John's, Glandorf, Putnam county, on the 10th of November last. A new church will soon be commenced at this place. At Fort Jennings, where also a church is to be built, thirteen persons were confirmed on the 13th; at Wappaugkonetta fifty-four, on the 14th and 15th; at New Minster forty-two, on the 17th. This town is illuminated when the bishop visits it to administer confirmation. At St. Gualbert's, twenty-eight received this sacrament; at St. Charles', near Greenville, thirteen. On Sunday, the 24th, eight persons were confirmed at Piqua, four of whom were converts.—*Cath. Tel.*

DIOCESS OF CHARLESTON.—*Confirmation.*—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds dedicated the church at Newbern, N. C., on the 16th of November, under the invocation of St. Paul the apostle. On the next day he administered confirmation to several persons, of whom all the adults were converts. On the 20th, he gave the same sacrament to such as were prepared, at Washington. On the 26th of November, at Wilmington, N. C., six persons were confirmed, of whom two were converts.—*U. States Cath. Misc.*

DIOCESS OF LOUISVILLE.—*Spiritual Retreat.*—A retreat was held at Lebanon, commencing on the 26th of October, and ending on the 1st of November, during which much good was effected. At the close of the retreat, Bishop Flaget administered confirmation to sixty persons, three of whom were converts.—*Cath. Advocate.*

Ordination.—On Friday, the 18th of October, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget held an ordination in the former cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown, when he conferred subdeacon's order on Messrs. Theodore Himann and Francis Lawler. Mr. Himann had received the minor orders on the preceding Friday. Those gentlemen are prefects in St. Joseph's college.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

DIOCESS OF CHICAGO.—*Episcopal Visitation.*—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Quarter, as we learn from a correspondent of the *Truth Teller*, recently visited several portions of his extensive diocess, in which the state of religion is very flourishing. He administered confirmation at Quincy, Ottowa, and other places.

Ordination.—On the 30th of November (feast of St. Andrew), the Rt. Rev. Wm. Quarter conferred the minor orders and subdeaconship on Mr. John Faughnan, in the cathedral of St. Mary. On the 1st instant (first Sunday of Advent) the same gentleman received the holy order of deaconship, and on Tuesday, 3d instant (feast of St. Francis Xaverius), he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood.—*Ib.*

DIOCESS OF MILWAUKIE.—*New College.*—The Rev. S. Mazzuchelli has purchased the delightful residence of Gen. G. W. Jones, known as the Sinsinnawa Mound, with eight hundred acres of land attached thereto. This mound is situate in the south-western corner of the territory, Grant county, a few miles from the important towns of Galena and Dubuque, and is intended for a college for the education of youth.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, are so much in requisition for the direction of asylums and other institutions, that it has been deemed advisable by the superiors of the community to establish a novitiate in the south. The corporation of Donaldsonville, in Louisiana, have granted a tract of land for this purpose, and a subscription has been commenced in the south, in order to raise funds for the erection of the necessary buildings. In this establishment members of the institute will be more easily formed for the missions of the south and west; and being

already acclimated, they will be likely to exercise their benevolent offices for a longer period than if they had come from another part of the country. We learn from the *Propagateur Catholique*, that five sisters had arrived in New Orleans, and would repair immediately to Donaldsonville, to commence the new establishment.

THE PITTSBURG CATHOLIC.—The editor of the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac* regrets that the *Pittsburg Catholic* was omitted in the list of weekly periodicals mentioned in the Almanac for 1845. This omission was a mere inadvertency on the part of the editor, who, amid the innumerable details of such a work, can scarcely avoid committing a few mistakes. We thank the *Pittsburg Catholic* for having pointed out the mistake in question But there is one remark in the notice which it has taken of the Almanac that seems to us a little singular. After stating that eleven weekly, four monthly, one quarterly, and two annual periodicals are given in the Almanac as the number of those that are conducted, or intended to be conducted on Catholic principles, it adds:

"Lest the last named should be thought to be something very great, it may not be amiss to state that the two 'annuals' are the 'Ordo' and the 'Almanac.'"

Now this sentence appears to us to convey either an ironical sneer at the *Ordo* and the *Almanac*, as if they were annuals of little importance, or a jesting comparison between the small size of the Ordo and Almanac and their *great* importance. We leave it to others to decide which of these interpretations is the more natural. For ourselves, we will charitably presume that the latter meaning was intended by the reviewer in the *Pittsburg Catholic*, though, in this hypothesis, he has not used the most felicitous expressions. The reader, we think, would be more inclined to adopt the former interpretation, which in point of fact would be altogether incorrect. The *Ordo* and the *Almanac*, it is true, are periodicals of small dimensions; but, if we consider the nature of their contents, the one being prepared for the special purpose of directing Catholic clergymen in the proper performance of the church offices, and the other, to exhibit the state of Catholicism in the United States; if we consider, moreover, the extensive circulation of these annuals, that the *Ordo* is taken by nearly, if not quite all those for whom it is published, and that the *Almanac* is distributed among forty-five hundred persons, we certainly have reason to say that the two "annuals" are "something very great," or at least that they are greater than many periodicals of larger form.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.—One would suppose from the title of this paper that the tone of its articles was in keeping with the meek and charitable spirit which is invariably suggested to the mind by the idea of the cross and the thought of Him who, in dying on it, prayed even for his persecutors. But the editor of the *Banner*, it seems, is not always mindful of this standard under which he professes to be enlisted. In the last number, December 28th, we read the following:

"*Spirit of Popery.*—From papers received this week by the Acadia, we learn that a large meeting of the Irish Repeal Association was held in Dublin on the 26th ult., at which the infamous O'Connell presided for the first time since his narrow escape from the gallows. His imprisonment does not seem to have abated his rancorous feelings towards this country. He introduced to the meeting the notorious Dr. Moriarty, of this city, who is now on a begging expedition to raise money to rebuild the Romish churches destroyed during the Kensington riots in May last. The *origin* of the riots, according to O'Connell's statement, was, that "*on the 4th of July the Philadelphia authorities disarmed the* [R.] *Catholics, under the pretence that they should be protected*,' the object being '*to exterminate the Catholics*,' and then followed all the rest! Dr. Moriarty followed him in a speech, and not only suffered what he, of course, knew to be atrocious falsehoods to pass uncorrected, but heaped additional slanders upon 'poor Philadelphia' in particular, and the United States in general; where, as he told the meeting, 'the number of educated, enlightened and civilized men was few.' It will be news to our city readers to learn that 'his own life had been three times attempted in the public streets of Philadelphia.' 'The reverend gentleman concluded by commenting upon the ingratitude of the United States, which would venture to exterminate Irishmen, when they had done so much for that country by their bravery and talents' (Cheers)."

Now, we have nothing to say about Mr. O'Connell at present, except that the *Banner* speaks of him in the most unjust and most unbecoming language. What we desire to notice here, are the logic and charity of the *Banner of the Cross*. His argument is reduced to this: 'Mr. O'Connell and Dr. Moriarty are supposed to have made incorrect statements regarding the Philadelphia riots: therefore these gentlemen have exhibited the *spirit of popery!!* This is truly a new species of dialectics: it takes for granted what no body admits: it supposes, what is false, that Mr. O'Connell and Dr. Moriarty were the representatives of the Catholic religion at the repeal meeting in Dublin. How could the *Banner of the Cross* stumble upon such an illogical conclusion? Has he a right to infer from the misstatements, or from the imprudences of one or two Catholic clergymen or laymen, especially at a political meeting, and in a particular locality, that the *spirit of the Catholic church* has been displayed to the view of christendom? As well might we say that the spirit of the Protestant Episcopal church is exhibited in the evil course of some one among its highest dignitaries. The editor of the Banner *must* see that such inferences are not consistent either with the rules of sound logic or with those of justice. We have heard the late

speech of Dr. Moriarty commented upon, by Catholic clergymen and Catholic laymen, Americans and Irishmen, and we have not heard a dissenting voice as to the impropriety and inaccuracy of certain remarks used by Dr. Moriarty; and we have no doubt that this is the universal opinion of the reflecting portion of the Catholic community in this country, whether native or adopted citizens, clergymen or laymen. We take the liberty, therefore, of informing the editor of the *Banner*, and he is requested to inform his readers, that the circumstances to which he alludes are no index to the spirit of the Catholic religion. Catholicity had nothing to do with them. If Dr. Moriarty misstated matters, the only conclusion that follows is that his assertions were incorrect; but surely no man of sincerity and education would infer that his religion taught him to make the erroneous statement, or, what is more, that the spirit of the Catholic church in general, is illustrated in such circumstances.

In the remarks which we have made, we disclaim even the slightest disregard for Dr. Moriarty as a talented and zealous clergyman and an amiable gentleman. We know him intimately, and we duly appreciate his many excellent qualities; but when the enemies of our holy religion avail themselves of his public speeches, to cast odium upon the principles of Catholicity, we deem it a duty for the press to vindicate her on this as well as on any other occasion. It has always been a fruitful source of prejudice among our Protestant brethren to look for the doctrine and spirit of the Catholic church in the works of its enemies; but this prejudice may be sometimes fostered by members of her own communion, when they become even unintentionally an occasion of error for our adversaries; and it seems to us that it would be a betrayal of the high trust reposed in the authorized exponents of Catholicity, to allow the acts of irresponsible persons or the irresponsible acts of other individuals, to be palmed upon the Catholic body at large.

To Correspondents.—We acknowledge the receipt of "*A Chapter on Mobs,*" which will appear in February. This is an equally curious aud learned paper, which will impart to our readers a great amount of information relative to the history and operations of that ugly offspring of social disorder, called in English a *mob*.

We thank our fair correspondents also for their valuable contributions. The *Communion of Saints* is a pleasing poetical effusion. *Blenheim Forest, or the Trials of a Convert*, is a very interesting narrative, a portion of which has been published in this number.

OBITUARY.

We have to-day the melancholy duty of announcing the demise of the Rev. Patrick Byrne, one of the oldest clergymen in the diocess of Boston. The reverend deceased was for many years pastor of St. Mary's, Charlestown, but officiated latterly in New Bedford. He died in the latter place on Thursday morning, the 5th Dec., in the 52d year of his age. His remains were attended to this city on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Murphy, of Fall River, and the Rev. Mr. O'Beirne, of Taunton, and were deposited in the aisle of the cathedral of the Holy Cross, from whence they were removed on Friday morning last to the Catholic burial ground, South Boston.—*Boston Pilot.*

On the 1st of November, at St. Charles, Mo., Rev. Cornelius Henry Walters, of the Society of Jesus. The deceased was born on the frontier line between Holland and Prussia. In 1829 he entered the ecclesiastical seminary of Bois le Duc, and after the completion of his theological studies was ordained at Munster. In 1833 he emigrated to America, and entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Georgetown, D. C. From this place he was soon sent to Missouri, where he had ever since exercised the holy ministry with zeal and fidelity. Competent as he was to preach in English, German, and French, his loss will be severely felt in the diocess of St. Louis.—*St. Louis Cabinet.*

On the 19th of December, at Baltimore, Sister Seraphina, of the order of Mount Carmel, in the 23d year of her age. The deceased, whose name in the world was Mary Jane Farmer, was born in the state of New York of Protestant parents. At the age of seventeen she became a convert to the Catholic faith, and two years afterwards was received into the community of the Carmelite order in Baltimore. Her remarkable conversion, the edification which she gave to all around her during the period of her life in the religious state, and the great devotion which she evinced for our Lord in the sacrament of his love, show her to have been one of those happy souls whom God singles out, from time to time, to make them the repositories of his choicest graces. We may truly say of her in the words of the sacred Scriptures: "Being made perfect in a short space she fulfilled a long time."

On the evening of Saturday, December 14th, of consumption, Cornelius McGrath, student of the theological seminary of St. Charles Borromeo. The deceased, after having gone through the preparatory studies in the seminary of Belfast, Ireland, entered as an ecclesiastical student the seminary of the Rt. Rev. bishop of Pittsburg, and afterwards removed to the seminary of Philadelphia in March, 1844. His mild and edifying conduct and unaffected piety endeared him to his professors and fellow students.—*Cath. Herald.*

On the 23d of December, at Alexandria, D. C., Rev. Benjamin A. Young, S. J., who had been for many years a most laborious and useful member of the Society of Jesus in this country.

Two Months Abroad; or a Trip to England, France, Baden, Prussia, and Belgium, in August and September, 1843; by a Rail Road Director of Massachusetts: Boston, 1844, pp. 66.

This is a very agreeable and interesting little work, written in a lively and pleasing style, and abounding with much valuable information. The writer does not merely travel, he *flies* as fast as steam can carry him. In two months he has traversed England, France, Baden, Prussia, and Belgium; and in two months more he might have made the tour of the world. His "trip" seems to have been made with a steady eye to the great business maxim so currently received in this "enlightened" age of dollars and cents: "*Time is money.*"

However, we are not displeased at him for the speed with which he travelled; he went out as a rail road director, and he travelled in that capacity. But, while flying in the steam-cars of Europe, his Yankee shrewdness enabled him to see a great way into the social and moral condition of the countries through which he passed. And we must say we were delighted with most of his reflections. Though he hailed from Boston, yet his mind seems to have been wholly free from all narrow bigotry or sectional prejudice. We have detected scarcely one ill-natured or illiberal remark in the whole book. He speaks of men and things just as they struck him, without reference to religion or country. This is as it should be: his example ought to convey a lesson to all modern Trollopes, whether English or American, male or female.

He prefers the rail road system of Catholic Belgium to that of England or any other country in Europe.

"The whole system of Belgium is the most liberal, judicious and admirably conducted in Europe; contributes most to the social intercourse and innocent amusement of the people, confers inestimable benefits on commerce, has been conceived by philosophic men, independent of and above the influence of narrow and grovelling minds, and popular caprice. It does honor to the country, and deserves the imitation of enlightened nations."—P. 38.

He prefers the scenery and husbandry of Normandy, in France, to any thing he has seen in England, and thinks the French peasantry much more comfortable and happy than the English.

"Occasional avenues of old forest trees appear, leading to ancient *chataues* or gentlemen's modern mansions; villages substantially built of brick and stone; hedges more luxuriant than any that have met my eye in England, and the crops, which are ready for the sickle, superior to any I have seen between Birmingham and Brighton. The inhabitants reside principally in the villages, and *the lower classes appear better housed and fed than the English agricultural population.*"—P. 16.

He speaks as follows of the husbandry of England, and of the condition of the classes who till the earth: and his remarks will appear new and startling to those who look to England as the *beau ideal* of every thing perfect, especially in manufactures and agriculture.

"We are struck particularly with the ploughs, (English,) which are cumbrous, and apparently inferior to our own. Each of these, we notice, is drawn by five horses tandem, with a ploughman and two drivers, one of them mounted. With this force the plough slowly crosses in a field already ploughed, and, as the horses turn, on reaching the boundary hedge, we observe two are able to draw it to the end of the furrow. One American, with two horses, would, in our opinion, do twice the work in a day. The laborers appear dull, and are ill-fed, and if, as we are told, they receive but one shilling a day, it is doubtful if they earn more. *They lack the impulse of education, or of some incentive to elevate them from their depraved condition.*"—P. 44, 45.

Had his tour led him through the manufacturing districts, he would have been compelled to witness and to describe a scene of much more appalling wretchedness and degradation. On his visit to York, he incidentally alludes to the desecration of God's holy places, and to the decay of piety in England, brought about by the boasted reformation.

"The brilliant days of this city (York) are passed. Once a distinguished colony of Rome, it holds the ashes of a Roman emperor; subsequently the seat of religious magnificence, it prided itself, not only on its minster, but on its *seventy-five churches (two-thirds of which have crumbled away)*, and was the resort of countless monks, pilgrims, and devotees," &c.—P. 49.

We must close this rapid notice, and can only find room for one more extract, describing, in a lively and graphic manner, a most annoying scene at the London custom house. To those who may wish to see more of this very agreeable and candid little book, we say, read it for yourselves; its perusal will amply repay you.

"The day is unusually fine and inviting, and we are hurrying away, but find ourselves close prisoners. Every trunk and package must be examined *seriatim*, by a single official and his clerk. A surly porter permits one person only to enter the office at a time, and calls our names from the berth-list of the steamer.....A wearisome detention awaits us, and the barometer of our spirits falls rapidly.

The list is slowly called. When the door opens all press forward with hope, but one only hears his name. Hour passes after hour. At length the H. family are called, and enter the door, followed, to our utter consternation, by their trunk of a carriage. 'What!' exclaims the crowd, 'is that also to be unpacked and scrutinized, while we stand here?' 'O that Sir Robert Peel were here!' cries one; 'O that the Queen, or the Duke of Wellington were here!' says another; 'I wish for Mr. Hume,' cries another, 'for he cuts down the establishment;' 'O'Connell would not submit to this,' urges an Irish lady, 'for he supports the rights of the people.' Some are eloquent in favor of free trade; others decry Pitt for the national debt, which brings down upon them the excise, the income tax, and the custom house. The men become excited, and the ladies fretful. A rich old gentleman, returning from his travels, tries to console them by urging that the debt has saved England from a revolution. 'Yes,' cries another, 'it is doubly unfortunate; for by a revolution, we should have escaped both from the debt and the aristocracy.'.....Our turn, at length, arrives, and with the day nearly gone, after a detention of about four hours, we escape from our prison."—P. 39, 40.

Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Laity's Directory for the year of our Lord 1845. Baltimore: F. Lucas, Jr. pp. 208.

This annual visiter has again made its appearance, and, as usual, bearing the evidences of the progress which Catholicity has made during the past year. It abounds in information relative to the present condition of the church in the United States, and contains a variety of other matter which will prove very interesting to the Catholic reader. As a book of reference it is invaluable and even indispensable, as no other work embodies the same information regarding the actual state of religion in this country. It is equally curious and pleasing to compare the successive statements which have been furnished by this work, since its original publication in 1833. At that time there were but thirteen bishops in the United States, and now there are twenty-six. The number of priests has more than doubled itself, amounting at present to about seven hundred. For the other statistical details which it exhibits, we refer the reader to the Almanac itself, which, we take it for granted, will be in the possession of every Catholic family. We will remark, however, in reference to this number of the work, that it commends itself to the attention of the public with greater force than any of its predecessors. The map of the United States which it contains is an important improvement. It exhibits at a glance the extent and relative situation of the different diocesses; most of the places where a church has been erected are marked by a †; the episcopal sees are plainly indicated; and, in addition to all this, a tabular statement is furnished, showing the chronological order of the diocesses, with their limits, the names of the bishops, and the date of their consecration. It must be observed also that the Almanac of this year is more generally accurate in its statements than it has ever been; the editor having received official accounts from all the diocesses of the union, except one, which was only partially reported.

Dunigan's Illustrated edition of the Holy Bible: N. York.

We have received Nos. IX, X, XI and XII of this beautiful work, containing two splendid engravings of the *Annunciation* and of *St. John the Baptist* in his boyhood.

The Doctrine of Exclusive Salvation explained and proved. Tract No. VII. Balt. Metrop. Tract Society.

No subject being more misunderstood among our Protestant brethren than the doctrine of exclusive salvation as admitted by Catholics, much service would be done to the cause of religion and of truth by the circulation of the above mentioned tract. It is written in a mild spirit, and the question is elucidated in a way which, we have no doubt, will carry conviction to the mind of every reflecting and sincere Christian.

The Cross in its true light, or the utility of sufferings. By J. P. Pinamonti, S. J. Balt. Metropolitan Press: 32mo. pp. 112.

This volume is of small dimensions; but it embraces a vast amount of useful instruction, and of that kind which is the most frequently applicable to the daily concerns and events of life. As no circumstances can shield the Christian against the approach of trial, it being the common lot of man to suffer, the little book before us will be found at all times a most valuable friend, in soothing the ills of mortality and converting them into sources of virtue and merit. The appearance of this second American edition is an evidence of the increasing estimation in which the work is held among the Catholics of this country. In Europe it has been translated into several languages, and forms one of the standards of Catholic piety.

Catholic Sentinel: New Orleans.

This is the title of a weekly periodical which has recently been started in New Orleans, for the purpose of vindicating the tenets and practices of the Catholic church. The editor and proprietor of this journal is the Rev. J. J. Mullen, pastor of St. Patrick's church in that city, a clergyman whose talents and zeal have been long and extensively known to the Catholics of this country. We wish him every success in his new undertaking. *The Catholic Sentinel* is published every Saturday at $3 per annum in advance.

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